

# *The Notre Dame Scholastic*

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY  
PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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*Advertisers in Notre Dame publications  
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



*Slim dryads, drowsy from their leafless sleep,  
Awakened by a wind's too boisterous bliss  
And stirred by the rain's wet and impassioned kiss,  
Smile at the sun, then, finding him loveless, weep.*

## ... THE WEEK ...

Pardon any emphasis given to the Senior celebration of Washington's Birthday. Having succeeded in making the terribly frank "tentative" list of seniors, there is that tendency. It really was a worthy observation of the day. Even Mr. Washington could have listened in with a feeling of edification. Dignity persisted in hanging on, despite the perilous angles of some of the caps.

The athletic calendar produced results good and bad. The interest locally was centered in the fights with Ames. Charley Springer's stable dropped four out of seven bouts, but stood up scientifically against the best that Ames had to offer. The basketball team lost to Penn State after giving an impressive account of themselves. The Woodland quintet is among the fastest aggregation in the East and reports that Notre Dame is the speediest company encountered this season. Coach Rockne's track men chalked up a close victory against Northwestern. The Purple, however, had to break several records to keep their heads above water.

Dancing came in for a heavy engagement with the Four-Day party given by the Ladies Auxiliary of the South Bend K. of C. Those who worked out each of the four evenings ought to be ready to give up dancing for Lent. Forty Hours Devotion, which began with the beautiful, impressive Mass on Sunday morning, put a damper on the other pre-Lenten celebrations. The current question is what shall I give up? The consensus of opinion as to the worst evil to be avoided centers on study, but cigarettes and

shows are also appearing on the Index Prohibitorum. It is unfortunate that "The Rivals," so delightfully advertised by the lectures of Mr. Clayton Hamilton, should have chosen Lent for an appearance. It is a bit early in the season for even such a worthy exception.

Those who attended the program given by the colored Jubilee Singers in Washington Hall on Saturday night report an excellent performance. It is even said that ardent fight fans who had dropped in expecting to leave early, refused to go after the program had started. We don't know whether the singing was any better than Pat Canny's sensational battle with the seductive slugger from Ames or not, but we can believe that the singing was good and assert boldly that the latter was great. Even Pat seemed to have a hard time figuring out whether it was real or not.

Encouraged probably by the strong showing made in the Senior parade on Monday, the Commerce men have advertised a smoker for Friday the 27th in the Brownson 'rec' room. We wonder if the room was large enough to hold them—all you could see Monday was a field of yellow tassels. There isn't any business depression in the universities.

Actors, playwrights, technicians,—all who like the footlights from the glare side, were to meet Wednesday to decide the fate of the local stage activities. The drama at Notre Dame seems to have become the Sleeping Beauty. It's strange that a boys' school finds it so difficult to produce a Prince Charming. Perhaps not, though—in this day and age, the wide-awake beauties take pretty good care of all the Princes.

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## Library

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"Facing Old Age," a book by Abraham Epstein has been recently placed in the stacks of the Library. It is of special interest to Notre Dame students because Boris Epstein, a resident of Carroll Hall, is a brother of the author.

—NDS—

One hundred and one visitors autographed the register of the Art Galleries during the first twenty days of February.

—NDS—

*The Literary Digest* and *Current History* are among the magazines whose 1924 issues have come from the bindery.

—NDS—

The books in the Irish section of the stacks have been moved to a more accessible location. This followed the donation of a sum of money by The Ancient Order of Hibernians for the purpose of purchasing works by native Irish authors.

—NDS—

The books on the fiction shelves have been transferred to locations where they will more easily supply the demands for them.

—NDS—

The following new books were placed in the stacks on February 24 for circulation:

- Broadhurst, Jean—Home and Community Hygiene.  
 Butler, N. H.—Scholarship and Service.  
 Davison, E. B.—Master Letter Writer.  
 Dicey, A. V.—Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution.  
 Farnol, Jeffery—Our Admirable Betty.  
 Jacobs, W. W.—Night Watches.  
 Jones, H. P.—Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classified Quotations.  
 Knudson, K. A.—Text-book of Gymnastics.  
 MacDonald, J. A.—Successful Advertising, How to Accomplish It.  
 McKechnie, W. S.—Magna Charta.  
 Moulton, R. C.—Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker.  
 Oppenheim, E. P.—Seven Conundrums.  
 Sampson, Edith—Advertise.  
 Shahan, T. J.—Beginnings of Christianity.

Shaw, A. W.—How to Write Advertisements That Sell.

Smith, C. A.—Essays on Current Themes.

Smith, D. E.—Teaching of Geometry.

Spalding, J. L.—Socialism and Labor and Other Arguments.

VanDenburgh, John—Reptiles of Western North America.

Webb, W. T.—How to Write An Essay.

Werek, Alfred—Stained Glass.

Wyatt, H. M.—Motor Industry.

## MR. CLAYTON HAMILTON

Clayton Hamilton, dramatic critic, author and lecturer, was the guest of Notre Dame for several hours on Friday afternoon, February 20.

He spoke to a crowded Washington Hall audience at 4:45 o'clock on Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his notable work, "The Rivals." In a manner that was easy and engaging, Mr. Hamilton told of Sheridan's life, his personality, his talent, the occasion of his writing "The Rivals," and something of its history through the hundred and fifty years since its first production. He interspersed all these points with refreshing touches of wit and humor.

Before going to Washington Hall, Mr. Hamilton talked to the Scribblers in the Library. There he was delightfully informal. He rambled from topic to topic dwelling the longest on the various pronunciations of English as he had found them in his travels. He wondered what would become of the language fifty years hence if the present manner of slaughter is continued.

Mr. Hamilton's advent to South Bend and Notre Dame had for its purpose the advertising of "The Rivals" which was presented at the Oliver Theatre, Thursday, February 26. Mr. Hamilton is a super advance agent travelling only a week ahead of the company to prepare its literary way. The present tour of "The Rivals" started in November and is to continue for some months to come.

### SEMINAR IN PHILOSOPHY

At the last seminar conducted by the department of philosophy, held on Wednesday evening, Rev. Charles Miltner, C.S.C., read a paper entitled, "The Principle of Authority and the Modern Mind." His thesis was that the "modern mind," that is, the liberal and independent, chaotic and revolutionary, current of thought so much in evidence in contemporary literature, finds its primary source in the Protestant principle of private judgment, and its philosophical apologetic in the writings of Kant and the subjectivistic development of his later disciples. He showed how and why this intellectual position is of necessity antagonistic to the principle of authority as a source of certitude in matters of religion and morals, and why any attempt at regaining unity of religious belief or consistency in philosophical speculation is necessarily futile so long as the delusion of man's intellectual and moral autonomy is cherished. He concluded with an explanation and a defense of the reasonable grounds of faith.

The paper was followed by an hour and a half of lively discussion.

Attendance at this seminar was distressingly small, though the assembly was honored by the presence of two distinguished members of the Faculty.

It is planned to hold another seminar next week. The date will be announced later on the bulletin boards.

### "DOME OF '25" MAKES PROGRESS

The final dates set by the *Dome* staff for the submitting of snap-shots and satire, February 23 and 25, respectively, have been extended to March 1. This will allow those who are intent upon receiving a *Dome* for their efforts, additional time in which to work.

Dennis O'Neill, Editor-in-Chief of the *Dome* announces the completion of the University section of the year book. Not only have the Senior and Junior sections been made up, but the work on the city and state clubs is almost completed. The athletic

division is also progressing and promises to be concluded soon.

Both local and foreign advertising, according to Les Hegele, Business Manager, have reached a favorable amount.

### ST. MARY'S SENIORS ENTERTAIN

Lights blinking merrily from numerous windows, flashes of color interspersed with somber blues and greys, the harmonies of Terpsichore, a few hours of pleantry that became a memory all too soon, shadows among the pines about the Senior Clubhouse—another Saint Mary's dance with guests from Notre Dame.

Such was the setting on the evening of Friday, February 20, for the first of a series of dances to be given by the Class of '25. Fifty couples attended, and the Misses Florence Aylward and Gertrude Gleason acted as hostesses. Music was furnished by the Big Five Orchestra. The dances will be resumed after Easter, the tentative date of the first one being April 17.

### THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION PRECEDES OPENING OF LENT

The Forty Hours Devotion, which is annually held at Notre Dame, just before Ash Wednesday, was opened on Sunday morning with solemn High Mass at 8:15 and closed with solemn benediction at 7:30 Tuesday evening. Father Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., Provincial, was the celebrant at both services. Father Irving, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, preached a short sermon Tuesday evening, exhorting the men to make full use of their opportunities for spiritual advancement during Lent. The theme of his sermon was the infinite patience of God.

Ashes were blessed and solemn High Mass sung on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock by Father De Wulf. Classes were suspended during the first two periods so that every one could be present for the distribution of ashes.

**DRAMATIC CLUB FORMED**

About fifty men attended a meeting in the library Wednesday noon for the purpose of attempting to revive the somewhat decadent spirit of dramatics on the campus.

Harry A. McGuire, who was responsible for the meeting, acted as chairman and outlined the need and possibilities of dramatics at Notre Dame. He was followed by Father Hugh O'Donnell who promised faculty aid and support for any undertaking of a dramatic nature.

An election of officers resulted in Leroy Hebbert being elected President, and James Withey, Secretary and Treasurer. An advisory committee consisting of Harry McGuire, William Morrissey and Gerald Holland was also elected. It will be the duty of this committee to act with the officers in the matter of plays, directors and the like.

It is hoped that in the near future a group of one-act plays, written by Notre Dame men, will be presented.

**TOM LIEB ENTERTAINS K. OF C.**

Coach Knute Rockne, who was to address the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus at a meeting, Tuesday night, was unable to appear. In his absence, Tom Lieb, assistant coach, extemporaneously gave one of the most interesting talks of the year. It required considerable persuasion on the part of Lecturer Mark Nolan and the members present to get Lieb on his feet but once up he kept his audience in continual laughter.

The assistant coach spoke on the Stanford game and made known many interesting incidents connected with it. He told further of the visit of the squad to Hollywood and of the scenes in the moving picture studios there. All this and the story of the return trip were told in a highly amusing way.

Grand Knight Harry McGuire announced that the initiation, planned for March 6, had been postponed to March 13. He urged the members to present applications without delay.

**STUDENT VARIETIES OF 1925**

The Student Varieties of 1925 will be presented in Washington Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 11 and 12.

The students are urged to attend the performance on Wednesday evening, as Thursday evening's performance will be open to the people of South Bend. Students who are unable to attend the show on Wednesday evening will be admitted on the following evening.

Notre Dame's celebrated "Four Horsemen of the Gridiron," Harry Denny and his Collegians, and Clarence "Pat" Manion and his "Minstrelsy Moments" with eleven entertainers, will feature the bill, which contains seven high class acts.

Harry Stuhldreher, Don Miller, Elmer Layden, and Rex Enright, the latter replacing Jimmy Crowley, will present a ten-minute act that is entirely new to the student body. Mr. Denny and his nine-piece orchestra will be presented in a musical act that will be set in elaborate stage settings and special lighting arrangements.

Clarence "Pat" Manion, who needs no introduction as an entertainer, will introduce his blackface mates in a skit, including all of the hits of old time minstrel shows. Hogan Morrissey, formerly a member of the cast in the Al. Field's Minstrels, will be included in the group that will assist Mr. Manion.

Harold King, a monologist who is unknown to the student body, will make his first appearance in the Student Varieties with his new and original line of patter. George Higdon, Raymond Sheriff, and J. E. DeMotte will present a musical act, including piano, violin and voice. Two other novelty acts will round out the seven act bill of variety entertainment.

**PROM TICKETS**

Tickets for the Junior Prom were placed on sale, Friday, February 28. They will be sold only to Juniors until March 23, after which time they will be open to Seniors as well as to Juniors.

**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISES**

Presentation of the flag to the University, which ceremony annually features the Washington Birthday Exercises at Notre Dame, took place last Monday morning at nine o'clock in Washington Hall. The members of the Senior Class attended in cap and gown.

With the first strains of the Star Spangled Banner, the stage drapes were drawn back to reveal a magnificent American flag, its broad folds brilliant in the glow of an off-stage spotlight. After the national anthem had been sung, Ray C. Cunningham, A. B., '25, delivered selections from Washington's Farewell Address. George T. Koch, Ph. B., in Com., '25, followed with a vocal solo, excellently rendered, and returned for an encore. An ode to Washington by Harry A. McGuire, A. B., '25, recent winner of *Columbia's* poetry contest and of the Breen Oratorical Contest, was then read. Mr. McGuire's talent in versification and delivery were made evident to his audience.

Donald C. Miller, LL.B., '25, President of the Senior Class, performed the official ceremony of the day in presenting the flag to the University. His presentation speech was of excellent composition, forcefully delivered and well received. In the name of his class, Mr. Miller promised steadfast loyalty to the ideals of Washington, of Notre Dame, and to the service of his country.

In the absence of Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University, Rev. Thomas Irving, C.S.C., Vice-President, accepted the flag. In his short speech he warned the men of '25 that the trend of modern thought and action was away from God-made laws and toward man-made laws. He cited the case of present day legislators who in their frenzy to make laws have clogged the statute books with a multitude of useless enactments. He recommended that the Ten Commandments be made the basis of all legislation. Father Irving exhorted the men to stand always with that group which advocated a co-operation of religion and patriotism for the best interests of the country.

The singing of "Notre Dame" by the audience closed the program.

The following men assisted in the success of the day's ceremonies: *Arrangements*—John W. Scallan, Chairman; James E. Armstrong, William V. Dielman, James F. McNicholas, John D. Weibel, Cornelius R. Klaver. *Caps and Gowns*—Walter J. Haecker, Chairman; John J. Kane, Gerald J. Holland, William J. Seidenstecker, Harold C. Watson, Edward T. Hunsinger.

—NDS—

Special credit is due Mr. Mark E. Nolan, '24, for his work in behalf of the Washington Birthday exercises, and the chairman and personnel of the Cap and Gown committee who spent hours in the work of "appropriately and magnificently" attiring the Seniors of '25.

**MR. MILLER HAMILTON TO LECTURE ON NATIONAL FORESTS**

Mr. Miller Hamilton of the Forest Service, Washington, D. C., will lecture in Washington Hall, Wednesday evening, March 4, at eight o'clock, on "Our National Forests." Mr. Hamilton is a former student of Notre Dame.

The lecture will be illustrated with lantern slides and should be of interest to every student.

**HARRY CULHANE AT HARVARD**

Word has been received on the campus from Harry Culhane who left Notre Dame recently to pursue his A. B. work at Harvard.

Harry will be remembered as a Junior in the law school, actively associated with the Glee club and other activities.

Harry reports that "Teas are common around here—in fact the fellows think nothing of them and really they serve quite gracefully."

Brother Engelbert, C.S.C., Steward of the University, sails for Germany from New York Thursday, March 5. He will spend seven or eight weeks at his home in southern Germany. Brother Engelbert's visit will mark his first return home in twenty-five years.

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## *Administration*

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The bi-weekly chapel talks, begun last week, will be continued throughout March and April. Each Monday and Thursday evening, in all the halls on the campus, a seven minute talk will be given by some member of the faculty or administration.

—NDS—

Rev. Thomas Lahey, C.S.C., was one of the speakers at the celebration held by the Chicago organization of Notre Dame alumni last Monday evening.

—NDS—

Short visits to the University were made by Eugene Payton, '23, formerly of the Commerce faculty; Dean Stephen I. Miller, national educational director of the American Institute of Banking; and Captain Donald McMillan, the noted explorer... The two latter inspected the University after lecturing in South Bend.

—NDS—

In the dim morning light of the Old Log Chapel last Tuesday, Rev. Joseph Burke, C.S.C., married Mr. Matthew Trudelle, '17, and Miss Mary Gallant... Both bride and groom are residents of Cleveland, whence they will return to live after their honeymoon.

—NDS—

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of George Peabody College for Teachers was celebrated at Nashville, Tennessee last week... Mr. F. E. Kuhn of Nashville acted as Notre Dame's representative.

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### "WHO IS THAT GENTLEMAN?"

"Say, Ben, who's that elderly gentleman sitting over there?" It is St. Peter Street speaking.

"Don't know, Pete," replied South Bend Avenue.

"Is he a prof?"

"Not as far as I know."

The Hill Street car slows and stops. From each extremity pour forth students. The "Day Dogs" are beginning another day.

Some dash towards the "caf;" others move in the direction of the Law Building. The rest walk to the Main Building.

But there is always one on that car, besides the motorman, who is not a student. He ignores the "caf." He knows not the location of the Dean's sanctum in the Law Building. The Main Building supports the Dome. He might be worth watching.

He takes an easy gait westward. He passes the south end of Walsh. Badin is behind him. But look! He ascends the Library steps! The large doors swallow him.

After knocking on several wrong doors the demon reporter is finally rewarded with a "come in!" There the elderly gentleman stands; an apron has replaced the black overcoat. His hat is supported by a nail on the wall. There are books and books and books in the room. All of which is quite proper for a bindery. Someone enters and speaks to him. The person addresses him as "Mr. Riley." When we hear this, the words of an old song recur to us. They were something like this: "Are you Mr. Riley, they speak of so highly?" We bet ourselves that he is spoken of highly.

He is an easy talker, this Mr. Riley. He tells us that he has been a binder of books for twenty-five years. He came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1921. Those were the days when the bindery was not the place it is now. With Mr. Riley came a renovated book shop. Father Foik, the Librarian at that time saw in his new employee the possibility for modernizing the bindery and together they set out to do it.

That year he worked under the ancient methods that a machineless shop necessitates. Then during the vacation periods of 1922, 1923, and 1924 he visited other binderies that he might get the latest methods. He tells how Father Foik's eyes glistened as he told tales of what might be accomplished with an electrical this and an electrical that.

"Why can't we have that stuff too?" Father Foik would ask.

"Tell me to get it and I will," responded Mr. Riley.



Father Foik did tell him to get it and piece by piece a modern bindery was acquired. Mr. Riley tells an interesting story about the acquirement of a "punching machine." The purpose of the machine is to perforate the potential books where the thread is to be inserted. Both he and Father Foik had been enviously eyeing book binders' catalogues but prices were too high. Finally they resolved to continue perforating with the medieval awl and hammer. But the goddess Fortuna smiled upon them one day when Father Charles O'Donnell, the Provincial, and Father Walsh, the President, made a tour of inspection through the library. They were down in the bindery and their remarks were expressive of admiration at the new methods of Mr. Riley. They saw someone pounding away on an awl with a hammer. They asked if there was not some machine which could do away with the slow method. An affirmative answer, a permission to get the machine, and a little time put the much needed improvement in its present place in the bindery.

Only the best in materials are used in the Notre Dame bindery. Something termed "Library Buckram" and "Fabrikord" form the outer coverings for the books. The easy reading titles are stamped by machine. Once they were done by hand. That, however, was before the acquirement of Mr. Riley. And this mender of books modestly tells us that the specimens of his work are not exhausted. Indeed, were it necessary, he could produce some fine leather work.

To help him with his work the student employment bureau has given him four students. They work one and two hours a day each. Quite a shop is his.

It is now five-five. Students are waiting the arrival of the Hill Street car to take them to their meal at "the boarding house." The car arrives. Coins are dropped. "Hold that car!" seems to come from Corby's depths. All are on.

"Mac, who's that elderly gentleman sitting over there?," asks the second floor of Walsh.

"Don't know, Jerry," responds the first floor of Badin.

"Is he a prof?"

"Not as far as I know." —J. F. O'D., '26.

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## *The Boy Guidance Department*

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The members of the course are pleased to know that Brother Barnabas, who has been confined to St. Joseph's Hospital for the past two weeks, was able to leave that institution last Sunday.

—NDS—

Mr. Frank Miller, Field Representative of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, addressed the class in Boy Guidance during the past week. He gave a very interesting talk, describing the organization and aims of the Association and the work which is being done under its direction at the present time.

—NDS—

Mr. Eben MacKenzie, who was secretary to Brother Barnabas, has left the University to accept a position in New York City. Mr. MacKenzie was very popular with the men in the course and carries with him their best wishes for success.

—NDS—

Mr. John Contway has taken over the office of secretary to Brother Barnabas.

—NDS—

Kenneth Cook has been elected Chairman of the Students' Executive Committee on Columbian Squire work and in that capacity, accompanied Brother Barnabas and Father Cunningham to Madison, Wisconsin, last week, to review the work which has been done with the Columbian Squires in that city. Al July also made the trip to Madison.

—NDS—

Urban Hughes, of Brandon, Manitoba, who was forced to remain home after the holidays because of illness, has returned to the University to resume his studies.

—NDS—

The Young Men's Association of St. Joseph's Parish held a card party on the evening of February 20. It was a very successful affair and proved to be very popular.

—NDS—

Cyril Burchell reports that the Belgian Athletic Club of Sacred Heart Church has decided to produce a comedy play, which will be staged under the direction of Billy McGowan.

—NDS—

The educational program of the South Bend Boys' Club made a splendid start last week when a Citizenship Training Course was inaugurated among the "Rum Villagers." Charles V. Lacey is conducting the course.

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## Music

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The Jackson Jubilee Singers, a negro company composed of four men and three women, appeared before the student body in Washington Hall, Saturday evening, February 21. The first half of their program was given in costume, with an atmospheric setting representing the cotton fields. The quartet was the main feature of this part of the program and quite captured the whole attention of the audience from the very beginning.

The second part of the program was sung by the male quartet and two women soloists, accompanied with piano. This half of the performance was devoted to the better class of negro spirituals and was most excellent. The body of the numbers, given by the male quartet, with the voices of the two women rising above, were truly wonderful and inspiring.

As long as the singers held to their own negro songs, they were unsurpassable, but when they turned to the lighter American songs the effect produced was not so great. None of the voices were of exceptional note as soloists, but in the ensemble work, the blending was perfect, and the results were some of the finest of the negro spirituals, presented in the finest manner.

—NDS—

Of interest to the music-lovers upon the campus, is the announcement that Rosa Raisa and her husband, Giacomo Rimini, both of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, will be presented in joint concert at the Palais Royale on the evening of March 6. Mme. Raisa is perhaps one of the foremost dramatic sopranos of the world today, and Rimini ranks high as a baritone.

—NDS—

A feature which added greatly to the charm of "The Rivals" as presented by Mrs. Fiske's company February 26, was the orchestra which played during the intermissions. They featured all the old songs which were in vogue at the time of the

original presentation of the play, and helped greatly to create the atmosphere of 1775, the date of the first production of "The Rivals."

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## DEBATING TEAMS TO SPEAK AT ST. MARY'S

Following weeks of preparation and practice, the Varsity debating teams, under the direction of Rev. William Bolger, C.S.C., will make their first appearance Sunday evening before the students of Saint Mary's College, discussing the question, "Resolved, that Indiana should adopt in principle the Wisconsin plan of Unemployment Insurance."

The debate of Sunday will be but practice work, in order that the Varsity men may be competent to discuss the same question on the evening of March 6 in a triangular debate, in which Wabash University, De Pauw University and Notre Dame will be represented. On that date the affirmative side of the question will be upheld in Washington Hall against the negative of Wabash, by Oscar Lavery, Ray Cunningham, and William Coyne of Notre Dame; John Daley and John Griffin will act as the affirmative alternates. The negative side will be debated at Wabash by David Stanton, Joseph Hogan, and Seymour Weisberger on the same evening against the affirmative team of Wabash. The negative alternates will be John Droege and Paul Rowe. These men will appear at St. Mary's Sunday night.

Notre Dame has, in recent years, produced many exceptional debating teams, and the capabilities of the men this year seem to indicate success. The question of unemployment insurance is one of foremost importance and interest, and for some months has been a subject of controversy and debate among many of the leading economists of the country. All the varsity debaters, with the exception of Joseph Hogan, were on the team of last year, and it is felt that this experience combined with the work of the present season will adequately fit them to argue the problem with ease and success.

# -:- EDITORIAL -:-

## THE NOTRE DAME SPIRIT THAT ISN'T

MUCH has been said about the Notre Dame spirit. It has been frequently on the lips of Faculty, students, alumni, and even unattached observers, this many a day. In some of its public manifestations, it has become a just source of pride to all who are able to appreciate the ideals from which it is drawn and upon which it feeds. It has become a badge of distinction to those thoroughly imbued with it, and a mighty educative force for the University in whom it dwells. In itself, it is intangible, elusive, indefinable. It is known only by what it inspires. It may be described in terms of loyalty to God, to country, and to the University. Being human, the product of human activity, it is subject to the vagaries of its principle. It cannot rise higher than its source. It may therefore be preserved intact; and it may also be either partially vitiated or totally destroyed.

He who criticises that spirit at its best, criticises Notre Dame at her best,—her ideals, her men, her history. He who criticises that spirit, we will not say at its worst, but in its seasonal and selective lapses, must fall into the category of those whose every knock is a boost. His may be a thankless task, but it is an important one, as important, in fact, as a warning note sounded to avert impending danger anywhere. It is in this case a "stop-thief" cry, and all the more deserving to be heard because the value of what is being stolen is so great that it cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents.

Now, taking the Notre Dame spirit, not in its wider sense of loyalty to God and country in public acts of religion and patriotism, but in the narrower sense of loyalty

to the University, to her best interests in particular spheres of activity, and to her academic ideals very specially, it may not be evident to the casual observer that there are any seasonal or selective lapses in the manifestations of its fervor and vitality. Perhaps that is as it should be. There is no convincing reason why failings about the hearthstone should be heralded in the market-place. For even a university family has some right to privacy. But it is to be feared that when the members of this family sit down and seriously examine their respective consciences not a few faults against this spirit will arise to administer an uncomfortable dig.

Who will question, for instance, that the spirit of unity, of co-operation, of sportsmanship, of generous response to official and unofficial appeal for support for the team, of gentlemanly and courteous conduct to visitors and before visitors is far more in evidence during the football season than at any other time during the scholastic year? Everyone rejoices no doubt that it is so much in evidence. It not merely thrills the crowd and edifies the guests, but it heartens the players with the assurance that all are deeply interested in their efforts, that their victories or their defeats will gladden or sadden the hearts of their fellow-students as well as their own, that all are solidly with them in defending the prestige of their common alma mater. May the time never come when such a spirit suffers abatement.

But granting all that, is it not most pertinent to ask why, in view of the multiplicity of interests of our university, this glorious outburst of college spirit should suddenly become mute and quiescent, or at best sporadic and vacillating, as soon as

Thanksgiving dinner has been eaten, and winter has set its seal upon the gates of Cartier Field? How account for the sudden metamorphosis of this quandom virile and aggressive, generous and loquacious booster into an effeminate and effervescent Ladida supinely indifferent to more important matters than toasting his tender shins by the hall-room radiator?

The University debaters may be able to tell you why. For they, pitiful handful though they be, having escaped the general sleeping sickness and avoided the entangling meshes of mental cobwebs, may be aware of the wiles of the efficient microbe which bit the rest. But then, you may not even know of their existence, and surely not of their prolonged researches in the library by day and their strenuous hours of discussion by night. The present registration is quoted as 2166. A bare 40 turned out for debates and even after that many fell by the wayside. An even bet that you do not even know what question they are studying. Furthermore, you—and by “you” is meant most of the 2126 who stuck by your radiators when the call went out for volunteers,—you are not interested. If the loyalty to these teams is what it has been for the last four years, then on the evening of their big game, the authorities will need to pack the seats of the auditorium once more with high school students from the Seminary lest visitors interpret the empty benches as evidence of your lack of interest in things of the mind, and the debaters themselves grow frightened at the resounding echoes of their own voices. During debating season, if the weather is frigid, College Spirit, in these latter days, selects the radiators or the radios; if the weather is fair, she selects the movies or the meadows. In any case, she does not select her plain duty, the support of the debaters. She shows a lamentable weakness. She demonstrates in part that she isn't.

And now that we have discovered the weak spot, let us press our charge. For there are other places where the real Notre Dame Spirit conspicuously isn't. There was a time when local patriotism ran so high,

that is to say, when Notre Dame students held it an honor and themselves in honor bound to give of their mental best that the glory of their school should be reflected equally as well from the pages of her publications as from the journalistic glare of her athletic victories. Alas, that spirit is all but gone. Such jewels—what few there are—are now considered, it seems, too precious to be set in the crown of our Fair Mother. Today, they bring a price, and buyers are at hand. Why render her the service of a Knight when strangers offer the wages of a servant? Why let the world know week by week, that the only regular student publication on the campus leads a precarious existence at a University whose present senior class numbers upwards of three hundred? There is no reason except that College Spirit has selected for her parade grounds the bleachers or the radiators in preference to the printed pulpit of her published thoughts. And so in the realm of her most cherished dreams, she must sadly acknowledge to her astonished friends that her chosen sons no longer consider her chiefest glory their own concern, that though they willingly pay her the tribute of muscle, they refuse her the tribute of mind.

But our complaint lengthens. The lash is loaded, and we would not defeat justice by being unjust. We had thought that the Notre Dame spirit as manifested within her own walls meant more than a seasonal surge of group consciousness, a passing hurrah, however genteel its intonation, for the encouragement and the success of athletic contests. Were that all its meaning, it had better die quickly, for its very life is, on that supposition, a threatening death to all the higher issues of university life. We had believed, until disillusioned by evident facts, that that spirit might be seen working with equal grace and charm in the general life of the student body, that it would, for example, effectively eliminate the vandalism which mutilates valuable books in the library, or wantonly disfigures the walls and the benches of new buildings, or that ignores the pride of the University in the beauty of her campus by treading ruthlessly

upon the lawn. But then, these are minor matters, perhaps, when viewed in the light of the general debacle. It is not that we are surprised at human weakness, but that we are amazed at how little we seem to know ourselves,—at the delusion of health, when in reality we are sick. —R. W.

### "WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

THIS is the time of year when certain seniors ask themselves the question "What's it all about?," and they refer to the life that they know—in particular to their college career that is near its end.

Pointing out defects in the American system of higher education has been a popular form of criticism among certain of the *literati*. It is an obvious fact that far too many graduates of our universities possess only the rudiments of culture and education. Yet some critics have adopted the attitude that this situation is the fault of the system—that because an individual pays a university tuition and fails to assimilate an education he is being robbed that the colleges are grafters and quacks. These self-imposed judges overlook the idea that perhaps the individual is wrong and not the system. True, many people are fooled into thinking they have an education because they possess a degree, but such mental states cannot be corrected by the universities.

So "What's it all about?" Some of us have learned to think—and men, either wise or cynical, have said that that is the only thing one can acquire at college. We have absorbed a little culture. We have tasted of the finer things. And some of us have reached the conclusion that our education is just beginning.

"What's it all about?" —J. F. S.

### THRILLS FOR AN OLD-TIMER

THE sound of Dick Lightfoot's hammer down on the Washington Hall stage, preparing for the Student Variety Show, packs something of a thrill for the old-timer who remembers the days when campus players trod the boards of Washington Hall. It has

not been long since Father Molony directed Alan Dwan on that same stage, or since the triumphs of Delmar Edmondson, Charlie Butterworth, and the others. Things, somehow, are different now.

Dick is still pounding something or other, probably working on a new set. The sound of his hammer is like a voice crying in the wilderness; it is the last faint echo of a cherished Notre Dame tradition, the knell which marks the lingering death of drama at this school of two thousand high-spirited, talented men.

At this time there comes the news of the formation of a new Drama Club with Harry McGuire acting in the role of organizer. Mr. McGuire, a gentleman of ideas and initiative, has accomplished much for Notre Dame, but nothing, perhaps, more valuable than this, his newest achievement.

The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the newly-elected officers of the Drama Club, and will watch with interest their efforts in the important work which has been intrusted to their energy and ability. —J. W. S.

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## *Madam Helena Modjeska and her Struggle for Recognition*

ROBERT ROSS, '25.

THE public taste in the theatre has changed much in the last fifty years. Before the era of the Follies and the Passing Shows, when people liked the simple plays in which vice is punished and virtue rewarded, Shakespeare's plays were the popular favorites. They drew large crowds when those of the modern type could hardly pay expenses. This demand for Shakespeare created a need for artists to present Shakespeare, and the ambition of every artist was to interpret a Hamlet or a Lady Macbeth to the best advantage. People would see the same Shakespearean play several times in order to compare the work of rival artists, and most actors excelled in but one or two characterizations. The stage demanded more than beauty and the woman with an intellectual face commanded more attention than one whose beauty was all in superficial prettiness. It was in this period of the theatre that Madam Modjeska played her tragic roles before applauding thousands. Co-starring with Edwin Booth, one of America's greatest actors, she toured the country with him when he was at the height of his career. Although her English enunciation was slightly foreign, Modjeska established herself as one of the great Shakespearean actresses. Among her best roles were those of "Juliet" and "Lady Macbeth" in which her natural tragic powers were given opportunity for expression. She first achieved fame in Poland, then after a hard struggle for recognition became widely known in America, and finally reached her supreme ambition of playing Shakespeare in his own native land, England. Her life is of interest to us because it is a lesson in perseverance for those who want to do something, but who meet with discouragement and find the struggle difficult.

Helena Opid (Modjeska) was born in Cracow, Poland, in 1840. Her first glimpse of the theatre occurred at an early age when she saw "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Entranced by the play Helena was mute during the whole performance. It was not unusual in those days for children to imagine themselves born for the stage after seeing an impressive performance. Helena tried to dance and to recite for weeks in spite of the derision of her brother. Her mother did not encourage her, but rather refused to take her to the theatre again because of the bad effect it had. There was some talent for the stage in the Opid family, and Helena's brothers gave shows for the benefit of the neighbors. Helena's first lesson in dramatic art were learned from the comments of the people at these amateur shows. Her elder brother had left home by the time Helena was twelve, so she persuaded her mother to allow her and a younger brother to give a show for the children. Helena selected a plot from a magazine story and developed a miniature Greek tragedy, but the performance was a complete failure and she was reprimanded severely for presenting such stuff to the children. This crushed her childhood ambitions until Mr. Modjeska who assisted the children with their German took Helena to see a German play. Helena's desire for the stage was once more inflamed. Helena could not help but recite lines for her own pleasure and she put more feeling into them after seeing the German play. One day her brother Felix who was acting with a Polish company overheard Helena in what she thought was a private recitation of "Maria," and he was so impressed that he took her to recite for one of the ladies of the Polish company. Unfortunately Helena was of a very shy nature, and she had always fled rather than recite for visitors. When in the presence of this actress she failed miserably. Her failure was caused partly by her shyness and partly because the piece assigned was not lively enough to interest her. This apparently ended Helena's hope for the stage and while for a time it crushed her ambition it never affected her love for reading and recitation. She continued to study privately for her own pleasure.

Modjeska's husband believed, however, that Helena had ability in spite of her



failures. He arranged for her to take lessons from a member of a German company because the German stage offered more opportunities than the Polish. Of this she wrote to her brother in Vienna, "I am to become a German actress! Though I do not like the idea, I have to please Mr. Modjeska. I want to do something in the world and though I may not get an engagement, yet I study, study, and study. It may be useful to me some day." Helena's lessons were cut short when the instructor left Cracow for a more lucrative engagement elsewhere. Until now Helena had met with little success in her endeavors and she was about twenty years of age. She still had ambition. In another letter she wrote, "I send my thoughts into the vague future and see myself upon the stage. I hear the applause of the people. I see their tears and smiles. I know that I make them feel what I feel." Helena thought that she had ability as well as ambition but she was not so sure of her ability. She did love dramatic recitations and continued her study with Mr. Modjeska, although having married him, it looked as if her career would be that of a wife instead of an actress. A son was born the following year and then they moved to Bochnia. This was in 1861.

Bochnia was celebrated for its mines. Opportunity for Madam Modjeska came on the heels of a disaster in the mines. An unfortunate accident had left several widows with no means of support for their large families. The Modjeskas decided to give a benefit show for these widows. Five members made up the company with Madam Modjeska as the leading lady and after eight rehearsals they were ready to play. This was Madam Modjeska's first appearance on the stage and of it she wrote, "When I heard the curtain bell I nearly fainted. I tried to recollect my first lines but could not. I do not recollect how I found myself on the stage but once before the footlights, I recovered my presence of mind and never made a mistake or forgot one part of my lines. My inborn shyness had totally disappeared when at work, and it only came back to me the next morning

after the performance." Two plays were presented, a one act comedy, "The White Camilia," and "The Prima Donna." Modjeska's success was so pronounced that one of the most prominent actors and playwrights of the Imperial Theatre at Warsaw who happened to see the performance congratulated her, saying, "I hope to see you in Warsaw soon." Of this Modjeska wrote, "These words engraved themselves in my memory and turned my head completely. All doubts of my ability were dispelled. I knew I had to become an actress or die. I wanted to be a Polish actress and play some day at the Imperial Theatre in Warsaw."

A company was formed and a license taken for a road show. No salaries were paid but all shared in the receipts. The company grew until it numbered about thirty-six. Modjeska became a favorite with the public, who did not patronize the plays so well unless she were in the cast. This popularity was more flattering than comfortable and the company which was interested in the financial returns wanted her on the bills whether her health permitted it or not. She says, "so it happened that my daughter Marylka was born two hours after a five act tragedy in which I played the leading part." These early struggles gave Madam Modjeska invaluable experience and her youthful strength enabled her to persevere.

Success in these provincial tours did not lead to anything definite, so Mr. Modjeska arranged for Madam Modjeska to have a trial with the Lemberg theatre. She was offered a place as understudy to one of the leading ladies, which, although disappointing, was accepted. Modjeska played insignificant parts but strove to be at her best in every one of them, regardless of how unimportant. The women of the company were very unkind to her and made her work as difficult as possible. This was offset somewhat by the kindness of the leading lady, Madam Ashberger, who aided Modjeska all through the season. The salary received was too small to live on, and the conflict with the other women of the company who

resented any provincial actress replacing one of them kept Modjeska from any opportunity to show her real powers. Playing different parts necessitated two or three rehearsals a week and this with the making of her own costumes exhausted Modjeska. On the advice of Madam Ashberger she accepted another provincial contract, which gave her a star part. This seemed a step backward since she had to rise through the city theatres, but there was no prospect of betterment at Lemberg and she could not afford to live there on her salary. Of the year at Lemberg, Madam Modjeska says, "Although I did not seem to advance in my art, yet I was unconsciously working towards development, acquiring versatility and originality, for I had to use a good deal of observation to play so many various characters."

Mr. Modjeska, after his provincial tour, decided to open a theatre in Czerniowcei. He formed a stock company which included Modjeska's three half-brothers. Sufficient success was achieved to enable her to get an engagement with the Cracow theatre later. Tragedy entered her life now in the death of her husband and also her daughter Marylka. After a short time she went to Cracow and began work at the theatre there. Antonia Hofman was playing the leads in both tragedy and comedy. She was best at comedy but also very good in tragic roles. She advised Modjeska not to try tragic roles and out of respect for her authority Modjeska declined any intention of doing so. The manager, Mr. Jasinski, however, wanted Modjeska to take a tragic lead. She refused much to his disgust. That night when troubled with insomnia she happened to glance in the mirror and noticed the expression of her face. Apologizing to Mr. Jasinski the following day, she promised to work at any role he wanted to give her. He was very much pleased and complimented her for coming to her senses. Antonia Hofman was much surprised to find Modjeska rehearsing for a tragic role and resented her change of attitude. Modjeska succeeded to such an extent that she soon replaced Antonia Hofman as the popular tragedian

although Hofman retained her supremacy at comedy. For three years Modjeska played in Cracow and developed rapidly. The early training with the provincial shows and Lemberg theatre began to show fruit. An offer from the Warsaw theatre came and Modjeska contracted to give twelve performances there. Before going to Warsaw, she married a young Count, Karl Bozenta Chlapowski.

Modjeska had now reached the point in her career which was to decide her success or failure on the stage. Her name had been getting into the Warsaw papers because of her excellent work at Cracow, and this was her first real opportunity. Modjeska had fought obstacles up until this point, but the nearness of success increased rather than diminished her troubles. In the first place the policy of the Imperial Theatre had been against the star system. A newly elected president wanted to attract outside talent and had engaged Modjeska as a star. Members of the company did not like this innovation and conspired to make her fail. When Modjeska arrived in Warsaw, one of the leading dramatic critics wrote a scathing denunciation of all provincial actresses who brazenly attempted to usurp the place of the popular favorites of the Warsaw Theatre. It happened that this attack was inspired by the editor of the paper because his wife was one of those favorites. Other papers attacked this criticism as premature and asked for a fair trial for the new actress. Although the members of the company intended to make success for Modjeska impossible, they treated her with a professional courtesy, a courtesy which lacked cordiality. In the first rehearsal Modjeska showed so much ability that some of the less selfish actors congratulated her. Modjeska's contract called for "Adrienne Lecouvreur" which was one of the most difficult parts on the stage. Several of the leading actresses had tried it and failed. Warsaw had not seen a good "Adrienne" for years and only a great actress could succeed in giving a characterization which would equal their memories of the last great "Adrienne." Modjeska had intended to es-



tablish herself with the Warsaw audience by giving less difficult plays first. After the successful rehearsal of one of the easier plays which showed plainly that she would win favor in it, some of the members of the company feigned illness so that it would be impossible to give the play. The company knew of her ambition to play in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Being themselves desirous of playing it, they suggested she make it her debut, firmly believing that she would fail in so ambitious an attempt. On the advice of a friend, Mr. Jasinski, the critic whose opinion after the benefit performance at Bochnia encouraged her to follow the stage, she did not rehearse "Adrienne" with all her powers but gave a mediocre representation. This pleased the company who knew that such a rendition would spell failure at once. Taking advantage of the absence of the president of the theatre, the assistant manager slipped in a performance of "Adrienne" with the wife of the editor of the hostile paper in the leading role. They hoped to take the edge off Modjeska's first appearance by giving the people a chance to see "Adrienne," which had not been played for several years. They were also confident that Modjeska's performance would suffer in comparison with that of their established favorite. This performance of "Adrienne" was mediocre and failed to impress the audience. It was simply another failure. Instead of dulling the edge of Modjeska's performance, this trick added to its attractiveness. Every one wanted to see the provincial actress and to compare her work with that of their favorite.

Another device which had been intended to injure Modjeska in the public's favor proved a similar boomerang. No member of the nobility who had married an actress ever allowed his wife to remain on the stage, so the hostile paper criticised the appearance of Modjeska as a desecration of the nobility. This aroused public interest more than ever because people wanted to see if Modjeska were so talented that in spite of her noble connections she should remain on the stage. The house was sold out long

in advance and tickets were at a premium. Much depended upon this performance. Modjeska's own opportunity was at stake and also the policies of the new president which would stand or fall with this performance. Her success in "Adrienne" may be judged by the fact that she was immediately given a contract for life at a good salary with special privileges in the way of introducing new plays.

Modjeska now enjoyed a period of prosperity which enabled her to live in the society of a select intellectual group. For a period of eight years she remained at Warsaw, but in the last few months of that period she decided to retire from the stage and immigrate to California. Her health was beginning to fail and in fact she had suffered two severe illnesses, one of which almost proved fatal. There had also grown up a school of critics who resented the cultural influences of her Tuesday evening receptions in which she allowed struggling artists to meet the people of social standing. Some of the social leaders did not like the influence of an actress in society. Of course, after her stage debut all of them had been anxious to meet her, but with the passing of so many seasons, the tide turned. Although she was attacked personally, her ability as an actress was beyond attack and she never lost her favor with the public. Social jealousy had made her stay in Warsaw unpleasant. This note from the *Warsaw Courier* on her departure for America reveals the esteem with which she was held by the majority of people, and the value of her work. "The whole audience *en masse* formed into a double rank extending from the back door of the theatre through the whole length of the park up to its main gate. As soon as she came out she was received with acclamation and cries of admiration. . . . There will be a great void on our stage without one whom we have been used to look upon as the first and main support of our tragedy and comedy. It will indeed be sad for the lover of art without this artist, who during her stay in Warsaw has introduced to our stage the masterpieces

of the great writers of the world which acquired a double value by the force of her genius."

The farm in California to which Modjeska immigrated failed because no one of the party knew how to farm. The family funds had been exhausted and it became necessary for Modjeska to return to the stage. She had, however, recovered her health so completely in California that she longed for the theatre again. A group of Polish friends who had some influence in California were anxious to see Modjeska play in America because it would help prove that the partition of Poland did not destroy the national genius. Modjeska learned English as quickly as she could but unfortunately her first instructor was a German woman whose pronunciation was bad. She found she would have to discontinue lessons rather than learn the bad pronunciation. Finally, however, a young woman who admired Modjeska greatly offered to help her as a friend. For some time Modjeska suffered from too much advice about her English enunciation but despairing of pleasing every one, she learned that taught by her friend. With the patience of this teacher, Modjeska learned the parts to several plays until she could give them with a reasonable English enunciation.

Modjeska had brought no proof with her that she had been a star of the Polish stage and the manager of the theatre in San Francisco, a Mr. Hill, to whom she had appealed, did not know that she was capable. He thought her merely a beautiful foreign Countess who had ambitions for the stage but who would forget them if properly discouraged. Modjeska visited Mr. Hill's office time after time and he gave one excuse

after another but never a tryout. Finally friends of Modjeska arranged for a hearing through the influence of Governor Salmon who was a great friend of John McCullough, Mr. Hill's senior partner. On the day set for the hearing the stage was occupied by others so that Mr. Hill asked Modjeska to recite in the lecture room. This was a dirty and dusty place and entirely uncondusive to any piece of work. Before she began Mr. Hill warned her that his criticism would be severe and candid. Modjeska requested that he not interrupt her until she had finished although of course she expected severe criticism. Of this hearing Modjeska wrote, "All of these proceedings, my repeated visits to the office, the repeated refusals, my friends, pleading, had produced the most stirring feeling in my soul. I was glad that all of this had happened far from my country, and my husband was not witness of it at all. My revolt against these petty annoyances, my anxiety for triumph and to rebuke the sceptical attitude of my judge, were so great that I was burning with desire to crush the Philistine." Once more Modjeska succeeded and with this success ended her struggle for recognition.

In America Modjeska enjoyed popularity for many years. It was here that she made a name as a Shakespearean artist. She played in New York and also on tours throughout the country. When she went to England she had her American reputation behind her and did not have much difficulty in finding an opening. Her work in England added to her fame. The story of her associations with actors, artists, and literary men would be a paper in itself. The scope of this paper is limited to her struggles for triumph and it must end with her American debut which began her permanent success.

### *Rain*

Rain,  
Soft and sudden,  
As the tears of babies,  
Born in a wish  
And dried in its forgetfulness.

—A. S.

## *The Laurels of Defeat*

LESTER C. GRADY, '27

TOMMY has fallen for Bettie and fallen hard. He has even gone so far as to tell her that there is nothing he would not do to please her. That is the case of this poor sentimental Tommy.

Bettie has also fallen hard. But not for Tommy. She has become infatuated with Eddie, a friend of Tommy's, who is as passive as Tommy is active. Never saying much, never dancing much, never going many places, never asking Bettie to go out with him—that's Eddie.

Tommy is not that way. Far from it. He has just asked Bettie to go to the Prom with him.

"It's two weeks away, isn't it?"

"Yep. Two weeks from tomorrow, Bettie."

She contemplates. Eddie has not yet asked her to the dance, and the chances are that he will not. There really is not any sense in relying on the improbable to happen so Bettie considers Tommy's invitation seriously. She will be cautious.

"I'll tell you what, Tommy, since you want me to go to the dance with you so badly, I'll go—if you do one thing."

"That's fine. What do you want me to do?"

Bettie ponders a moment.

"Come on, what is it Bettie, I'll do it."

"You will?"

"Absolutely."

"Then listen. You're going to race Eddie tomorrow in the mile run to see who is to represent the College in the Interstate meet aren't you?"

"That's right."

"Let him win, Tommy, and I'll go to the Prom with you."

"Aw, Bettie, have a heart."

"Now, Tommy, don't be so selfish. You've already won your letter in track and Eddie hasn't. Why don't you give him a chance. If you don't, I'll think you're mean.—Well, that's the way things stand. Let Eddie beat you in the mile run and I'll go to the

Prom with you."

As has been stated before, Tommy will do anything in the world for Bettie. And this is something in the world.

"All right, Bettie. I'll let him beat me."

"Now don't you let on to anyone. Remember, that's to be our secret."

So far as Tommy is concerned, it shall always be a secret.

Morning comes. And right behind it comes afternoon and the time for the special race between Bettie's two admirers.

As Tommy is warming up Eddie confronts him.

"I called Bettie up this morning and what do you think?"

"Can't imagine."

"She's got the mumps."

"Bettie's got the mumps?"

"That's a fact. She could hardly talk this morning."

"Well I'll be darned."

Immediately thoughts of all shapes and sizes crowd into Tommy's mind. You can win your race after all! She won't be able to go to the Prom now! The mumps last quite a while! Go out and win your race! Beat this fellow! You can do it easily! You're not going to put a girl before your College? Your conscience was hurting you anyway. This is luck! Go out and win your race! That proposition about the Prom was always wrong!

Before Tommy realizes it he is on the mark with Eddie for the special one mile run. He decides to win the race.

"Get on your mark. Get set. Go!"

Eddie grabs the lead. It is not a comfortable lead, scarcely three yards. Tommy seems content to let his opponent set the pace. Around they go, lap after lap, with Eddie holding the lead. Tommy at last starts to creep up, for the last lap is soon to come. They are running abreast as the gun is shot for the final lap. Eddie leaps out in front with Tommy struggling to overcome the sudden set-back. Eddie maintains his speed and increases his lead over Tommy. It looks bad for Tommy. He is trying hard, giving the best in him, but he is un-

able to catch Eddie who is running the fastest race of his life. The onlookers let out a roar as Eddie breaks the tape far in front of Tommy.

Evening comes and with it a telephone call for Tommy. He answers.

"Hello, Tommy?"

"Yes."

"This is Bettie."

"Hello, Bettie."

"Tommy, I called up to thank you. Really you're to be admired. I asked Eddie to tell you that I had the mumps just to see if you'd do the favor when you knew I wouldn't be able to go to the dance with you. And you did let Eddie beat you after all. Tommy you're a peach and you bet your life I'll go to the Prom with you."

"Oh, that's all right, Bettie, that's all right. You know I'd do anything in the world for you."

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### *The Beggar*

Clothes in tatters,  
Shuffling gait;  
Nothing matters,  
Place or date.

Youth forgotten,  
Pride of race.  
Care begotten  
Lines, his face.

Nowhere wanted,  
Chased by dogs;  
Hunger haunted,  
Chilled by fogs.

Clings to life,  
I wonder why.  
Easier it seems  
To die.

—ANSELM MILLER.

# BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

John Galsworthy's "The White Monkey" is one of the best sellers throughout the country and we believe deserves this success. The author has provided this latest product with his superb style and fascinating theme. Mr. Galsworthy proves his thesis that life is worth living and illustrates many of the fallacies in the modern philosophy of life.

(D. F. C.)

—NDS—

The ten greatest men in modern educational history, according to an announcement made recently by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, cover a span of 2,300 years and include Aristotle, Leonardo Da Vinci, Milton, Shakespeare, Locke, Francis Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

—NDS—

"The New Poland" by Prof. Charles Phillips is listed in Dr. Carlton J. H. Hayes' "A Political and Social History of Modern Europe," (Volume II), as one of the reference books consulted by the author in the preparation of the chapter on "The Resurrection of Poland." Dr. Hayes' work is being used as the text book in Professor Farrell's course in "Contemporary History."

—NDS—

The problem of inducing the whole student body of a college or university to take part in athletics is discussed in "Intramural Athletics," by Elmer D. Mitchell, Director of Intermural Athletics at the University of Michigan. The views of Mr. Rockne on the subject would be of interest enough to warrant at least a magazine article. Mr. Mitchell's book is announced for publication this spring by A. S. Barnes & Co.

—NDS—

The author of "The King of the Black Isles," J. U. Nicholson, has turned his hand to romance in his new book, "The Drums of Yle." This is described as a high romance of the Middle Ages; "love and arrows, swift riders, dark forests, mysterious drums, (shades of "The Emperor Jones"), and the keen clash of swords for the love of a maiden."

—NDS—

"Ph. D's" is the title of a new book of verse by one Leonard Bacon. The writer's other book

was called "Ulug Beg" which *ipso facto* makes him an enemy of any self respecting linotype operator. We sympathize with the unfortunate individual who has to guess the significance of these titles. We are assured by the publishers that "here is a new and lively force in American letters."

—NDS—

Comment on Dean Inge's bigoted outburst in the February *Atlantic Monthly* appeared in these columns recently. The "gloomy dean" put on the garb of a prophet and predicted bad days ahead for the Catholic Church in his article called "Religion in the Future." At a recent Scribblers gathering an excellent refutation to the eminent divine's thesis was made in the form of a satire entitled "Propheticism, A High Drama in One Scene as Witnessed Through the Keyhole by the Author." The very able president of The Scribblers, Mr. Harry McGuire, was the author of this paper and it was enthusiastically praised and criticised by the members of the club.

—NDS—

Harper & Brothers have begun the publication of the authorized edition of President Wilson's public papers. There will be six volumes in all, with the general title "The Educational, Literary and Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson." Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd are the editors. The two volumes to appear immediately are made up of material gathered from college monthlies and other sources.

—NDS—

"Saint Martin's Summer," by Rafael Sabatini is a romance laid in medieval France, in the province of Dauphiny. The action moves along swiftly, and Sabatini treats his characters splendidly. This time his hero distrusts women not through any personal disillusion, but because of observation. Sabatini describes with his vividness the fighting which invariably occurs in his novels. It makes an interesting story! (D.F.C.)

—NDS—

Sudents of poetry will welcome the news that Amy Lowell's long deferred life of Keats has at last appeared. It is called "John Keats," and is published by Houghton, Mifflin, Boston.

*Ode to Washington*

HARRY M'GUIRE

Pull down the Washington of marble and of bronze!  
 Erase the cold passivity like death upon his brow!  
 Part somewhat those light, adamant lips....  
 He must have spoken once....  
 Let the blush of health light on them,  
 And if solemn they must be,  
 Let it be solemn laughter, not a stone's solemnity.  
 Must history and devotion make a statue of a man?  
 Must he be mummified in lonely eminence?  
 The flesh and blood that at Great Meadows  
 Quivered with the sentient dash of battle,  
 Like the bold Adonis as he faced the charging boar,  
 That flesh and blood was human, and it gloried in its thrills,  
 It never was the granite of the high, stern hills.  
 Oh, I can love him far, far more,  
 And never any less,  
 For knowing he was human,  
 With a human lowliness.

If we would measure by a Mount Olympian rod,  
 This man will be of puny height,  
 For he was not a god;  
 As he was great in virtue, so too in what he lacked,  
 And measuring by a human standard  
 Must add, and not detract.  
 He was a gentleman, as gentle as a girl,  
 But in the fight of Monmouth,  
 When the treacherous Lee fell back  
 Because a line of red-coats was too pretty to attack,  
 His greeting from tall Washington  
 Was dark as an eclipse,  
 The commander's eyes flashed lightning,  
 And his hand was near his sword,  
 And the fires of many forests burned upon his lips.

His was a character as upright as a pine....  
 The winds of passion tore at him in vain,  
 Futile the gales of prejudice that pounded him.  
 Mighty was he,  
 And mighty for our sapling nation to lean upon,  
 That was his greatness.  
 In his vision was the simple faith of all big trees,  
 That grow straight up to meet the sun,  
 And cease not giving sap unto the vision  
 Though the nights are long as ages,  
 And the stars can see no earth,  
 And the poor exhausted soil be groaning  
 Like a woman at a birth.

Such a master of the mountain top was he,  
Such a steadfast, persevering tree,  
Yet bore no flowers,  
Exuded no perfume,  
Knew nothing of the beauty of the tamarisk bloom.  
The quaking asp that beckons for your eyes,  
In girlish wise,  
The carob tree that blossoms in the grass....  
Not of these beauties was our Washington,  
But of the plain, calm beauty of the pine,  
That flaunts its hair not, nor breathes low lullabys,  
But turns its single purpose upward, upward to the skies.

No grand scheme of world dominion raised he,  
No Napoleon or Caesar was this man;  
The grand red passion of a conquering eloquence  
Not once found echo in his throat.  
His brain was not the throngéd highway  
Where thoughts of many hue speed to and fro,  
But a clean, straight, narrow pathway  
Up a mountain to the snow.  
There was one goal to his labors,  
And one vision in his tears—  
He would build a mighty nation,  
A nation of the years;  
It should build upon equality,  
Its rafters never high,  
For not by one man or another  
Should it climb up for the sky.  
Not through death should it be living,  
Nor its towers be towers of pride,  
But across the seas, unto the margins of the world,  
Should outstretched arms hold forth the love  
Of men equal, side by side.

Pull down the Washington of marble and of bronze,  
We will not have him so!  
For we were with him on a happy night,  
A night long, long ago.  
The inaugural was over, and the dinner cups were cleared,  
We sat awaiting some word  
From the man all Europe feared.  
His head was bowed, his eyes were sombre  
With the glory and the glamour of the day;  
He drummed a little tune upon the table  
With a fork not cleared away.  
And the bands that had been playing,  
And the shouts that had been sent  
Clamoring to the walls of heaven  
For America's President,  
Were all lost and forgotten,  
All stilled, and gone with the day,  
As Washington rose to proclaim his power,  
And said, "You will pardon me?—I must pray."

## You Never Can Tell

R. E. LIGHTFOOT

HAVING dined, I sat at my table, cigarette in hand, surveying the luxurious dining room which was decorated in the elaborate Louis Quatorze style. To me it was an appropriate setting for the gay parties of fashionably gowned women and dapper men who sat grouped around the tables.

At one of the tables, a few feet away, a smartly dressed young girl sat opposite her partner, taking deep draughts from her cigarette. A sweep of the eye revealed that there were many other feminine smokers present. At another table were two women with bobbed hair who sat with a circle of other diners. They were fair and fat, but there was everything to suggest that their eyes had long since grown dim from looking back to the time when they were forty. At a table farther down the room I noted a woman whose features suggested that at one time she must have been beautiful. But her beauty had left her, and in its wake there lingered a wan expression and ineffaceable wrinkles. Her companion was in the act of passing the cigarettes. She wore a corsage bouquet of violets, which I thought not quite so appropriate as one of primroses.

A feeling of disgust swept over me and I determined to leave the scene. But just then there appeared in the doorway at the end of the room one whom I knew instantly was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. As she paused at the threshold for an instant she looked like a portrait done by some old master. She was rather tall and her figure was strikingly graceful. There was something stately and dignified about her. She had no sooner appeared in the doorway than all eyes were on her. As she moved down the aisle to a table near mine I was more convinced than ever be-

fore that there was such a thing as poetry of motion.

Fully conscious of violating one of the canons of etiquette I stared rudely but irresistibly at this Venus incarnate. To me there was an ineffable modesty of poise, and sweetness about her that was even more enchanting than her beauty. For quite a while I had been a student of psycho-analysis, and I was convinced the face is the true index of character. This woman's face with its delicate features and perfect contour; I was confident, revealed nothing but refinement and innate culture. She reminded me of a bust by Rodin which I had seen in the Louvre.

In every man's mind there exists the image of an ideal woman. Occasionally that ideal crystallizes and becomes a reality. There was not an iota of doubt in my mind that this woman was the very counterpart of my ideal. Everything about her suggested that she was indeed "a perfect woman nobly planned."

As she lifted her eyes from her menu card her gaze met mine. Those soulful eyes still linger hauntingly in my memory. For an instant her face became suffused with color and she turned aside with confusion and charming *naïveté*. My heart beat wildly. She again turned toward me. Her lips parted. She was speaking to me. I strained my ears to hear every word.

What she said consisted only of a few words. They still reverberate in my mind. They were just nine in number. They were: "You bum, wot youse think I am, a coicus?"

As I groped my way out of the dining room into the lobby, I saw a man approach the news stand and purchase a magazine devoted to psycho-analysis. I muttered to myself with emphasis, 'Barnum was right!,



# THE MAIL

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

Let us hasten to state that we are not competing with the *Juggler*. Ours is a local column and will, if properly fed, tend more to be the humor that is peculiar to the campus and best kept confined to the campus. If pressed, or deluged by contributors, we shall attempt the closer and more philosophical (both of us cringed at that word) type of humor, that is not contained in the texts on "How To Write Jokes." Any jokes handed in to this column that violate the above declaration will be promptly turned over to the *Juggler* and their authors severely dealt with.

—NDS—

Dear Mail:

It was a worried Senior  
And he stoppeth one of three,  
"This is the dirt, I have no shirt—  
Hast a fifteen for me?"

"It's my last year, the gowns are here,"  
The worried Senior said,  
"The tassels too, of varied hue,  
Are dangling 'round the head.

"The caps are all a bit too small,  
The gowns are short beside—  
Unless I get a shirt to fit  
I'll get an awful ride."

With grief opined and look resigned  
His victim led the way—  
He was but one of those so done;  
It was a merry day!

—Sun Dye Al.

—NDS—

The Mail:

The Milbauer Cup for the best-dressed man on the campus has a strong contender in John Nopenberger who appeared in Church Sunday night in tux, as the French never said.

—Felix Heman.

—NDS—

Open Letter—

Is D. O'Neill going to wear the orange tassel on his Senior cap on St. Patrick's Day? —A.O.H.

## MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

Jerry was a Native Son,  
Jerry was a crook;  
Jerry came to my room  
And gypped my Golden Book.

I went to Jerry's room  
But he was out that day;  
Jerry sneaked in my room  
And copped my photoplay.

I went to Jerry's room  
With guilt he grew quite pink;  
I seized him round his chubby neck  
And drowned him in his sink.

—Flim Flam.

—NDS—

Student—If life is a dream wake me up.

—NDS—

The early bird catches the worm; the late student catches the bird.\*

\*English Al.

—NDS—

Several near collapses have been reported in the Senior Class as a result of the strain of looking intelligent for an hour. Fifty minutes is the usual maximum.

—NDS—

Dear Mail:

When things are punk about me  
And I look sick and pale,  
I pick up the SCHOLASTIC  
And read and read "The Mail."

I get a kick I tell you  
From all the stuff you write.  
It haunts me in the daytime  
And drives me bugs at night.

I hope I rate your column;  
I know this verse is punk,  
So if you got some space left  
Then add this to your junk.

—F. E. Male.

# -:- SPORTS -:-

## NOTRE DAME—NORTHWESTERN TRACK MEET

Victory by the margin of half a yard in the mile run secured a track triumph for Notre Dame over Northwestern, 44 to 42, run off in Patten gymnasium, at Evanston, Saturday night, Feb. 21.

Notre Dame won five first places, scored a slam in the high hurdles and tied for first place in the pole vault. The Purple fliers won the mile relay race, setting a new track record for the Patten gym. Martin, the feature track performer at the Evanston school won the quarter mile run in :51, setting a new gym record and returned to win the half mile race from Cox of Notre Dame. Martin also ran on the relay team and was high point man for the program.

The mile race was the feature event of the meet, Davis of Northwestern leading the field from the start. Within a few yards of the tape, Judge of Notre Dame sprinted and with the finish but a matter of inches, leaped out ahead of his competitor to win first place. The time was 4:34.

Johnny Wendland won the two mile race in 9:57 7-10, lapping the field. Dalmadge of Notre Dame placed third, with Davis of Northwestern in second place. Layden and Milbauer came through with wins in the dash and weight events respectively. Barron finished first in the hurdle for a letter, with Walsh and Casey in the next two places in order. Harrington of Notre Dame tied with Bouscher of Northwestern in the pole vault at 12 feet.

### Summary of events:

One mile run—Won by Judge, Notre Dame; second, Davis, Northwestern; third, Furrey, Northwestern. Time 4:34.

40-yard dash—Won by Layden, Notre Dame; second, Schick, Northwestern; third, Barr, Notre Dame. Time :04 3-5.

440-yard run—Won by Martin, Northwestern; second, Cole Northwestern; third, Stack, Notre Dame. Time :51 (new track record).

Shot put—Won by Milbauer, Notre Dame; second, Boland, Notre Dame; third, Froelich, Northwestern. Distance, 41 feet 3 3-4 inches.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Barron, Notre Dame; second, Walsh, Notre Dame; third, Casey, Notre Dame. Time :05 2-5.

Half-mile run—Won by Martin, Northwestern; second, Cox, Notre Dame; third, Reynolds, Northwestern. Time 1:59.

Pole vault—Harrington, Notre Dame and Bouscher, Northwestern, tied for first; Carey, Notre Dame, third. Height, 12 feet.

Two-mile run—Won by Wendland, Notre Dame; second, Davis, Northwestern; third, Dalmadge, Notre Dame. Time 9:57 7-10.

High jump—Won by Ward, Northwestern; second, Campbell, Northwestern; third, Carey, Notre Dame. Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

One mile relay—Won by Northwestern (Cole, Reynolds, Loveland, Martin). Time 3:27 2-5 (new track record.)

## NOTRE DAME-HOOSIER A. C. SWIMMING MEET

Winning but two events on the entire program, the Notre Dame swimming team lost to the Hoosier A. C., 43 to 35, in a dual meet at Indianapolis, Saturday night, February 21.

Alex Sievers of Notre Dame took first place in the plunge, traveling the 50 feet in 30 seconds. Houppert of Notre Dame placed second in this event by plunging the length of the tank in 55 seconds. Notre Dame won the 160-yd. relay in 1:25 1-5. The first places in the other six events were taken by Hoosier A. C. paddlers.

### NOTRE DAME—CARNEGIE TECH BASKETBALL GAME

Unable to keep in step with the eastern style of play, missing several easy shots and in general playing a somewhat ragged game, Notre Dame lost to Carnegie Tech in basketball, 36 to 31, at Pittsburgh, Monday night, Feb. 23.

Notre Dame held a one-point lead in the first half but before the half-time gun sounded, foul throws by Carnegie Tech gave the Kilts a two point margin with which to start the second half. In general floor work, Notre Dame had the better of the argument, but inability to count on free throws and to take advantage of openings for easy field goals cost them the game.

Line-up:

Mahoney .....	Donahue
Forward	
Crowe .....	Newman
Forward	
McNally .....	Conroy
Center	
Dahman .....	Amans
Guard	
Conroy .....	Lynch
Guard	

Field goals—Crowe 2; McNally 1; Nyikos 1; Dahman 1; Conroy 4; Donahue 5; Amans 3; Lynch 3; Kizer 3.

Foul goals—Donahue 8; Newman 1; Amans 3; Lynch 2; Mahoney 1; McNally 1; Nyikos 2; Conroy 1.

### NOTRE DAME-PENN STATE BASKET- BALL GAME

Unable to overcome the lead piled up against it during the first half, Notre Dame's basketball team went down in defeat before the fast Penn State quintet, 33 to 22, at State College, Saturday afternoon, February 21.

The Statemen aided by the scoring of Hamas and McVicker, assured themselves of a comfortable lead in the first half, but Notre Dame returned in the second to out-score the Lions. The lead however was too great to pull down. McNally of Notre Dame led the Irish five in scoring, netting

the ball for 3 field goals and registering five points from the charity line.

Line-up:

<i>Penn State</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Notre Dame</i>
Gerhardt .....	F .....	Nyikos
Hamas .....	C .....	Crowe
Mac Donald .....	C .....	McNally
McVicker .....	G .....	Kizer
Hood .....	G .....	Conroy

Scoring:

Field goals—Gerhardt, 2; Hamas, 2; McVicker, 3; Hood, 2; MacDonald, 2; McNally, 3; Conroy, Nyikos, Crowe, Dienhart (sub for Crowe).

Foul goals—Gerhardt, 2 out of 2; Hamas, 5 out of 7; McVicker, 3 out of 4; Hood, 2 out of 2; Mac Donald, 1 out of 3; McNally, 5 out of 8; Nyikos, 1 out of 1; Conroy, 0 out of 2; Kizer, 1 out of 1.

Referee—Geizel.

### INDIANA-NOTRE DAME SWIMMING MEET

Winning first place in all but two events, the University of Indiana swimming team defeated Notre Dame's water squad, 46 to 22, at Bloomington, Monday night, Feb. 23.

Alex Sievers came through with his usual win in the plunge and McCafferty copped the fancy diving event. Notre Dame took two second places and six third places.

Summary of events:

160-yard relay, won by Indiana, Moore, Zainer, Thompson, Doler. Time: 1 minute 25 seconds.

Fancy dive—McCafferty, (N. D.) first; Thompson, (Ind.) second; Rodgers, (N. D.) third.

40-yard free stroke—Moore, (Ind.) first; Weibel, (N. D.) second; Alvarez, (N. D.) third. Time: 20.4 seconds.

100-yard breast stroke—Fisher, (Ind.) first; Rhodes, (N. D.) second; Brokhalter, (Ind.) third. Time: 1 minute 21.4 seconds.

220-yard free stroke—Zainer, (Ind.) first; Moore, (Ind.) second; McCafferty, (N. D.) third. Time: 2 minutes 44 seconds.

Plunge—Sievers, (N. D.) first; Heath, (Ind.) second; Houpert, (N. D.) third. Time: 22 seconds.

100-yard back stroke—Royer, (Ind.) first; Moore, (Ind.) second; Fuente, (N. D.) third. Time: 1 minute 20.2 seconds.

100-yard free stroke—Zainer, (Ind.) first; Thompson, (Ind.) second; Weibel, (N. D.) third. Time: 1 minute 14-5 seconds.

## NOTRE DAME—AMES BOXING MEET

The sudden intervention of fate at an untimely moment cost Notre Dame a victory over Ames in a dual boxing card staged at the local gym, Saturday night, Feb. 21.

Capt. Springer, Pat Canny and Jack Spillane won the judges' decision in their respective events and allowing Ames the same number of wins, the count stood even at the start of the final bout, the heavyweight match between Maxwell of Notre Dame and Larson of Ames.

After winning the first round and dazing his opponent in the first minute of the second round, the tables suddenly turned and the visitor landed a telling blow to the unguarded Irish scrapper that sent him to the floor. Dazed and hardly able to defend himself, Maxwell came to his feet at the count of three and left himself a target for further punishment, being floored again. The referee stopped the bout and awarded the deciding fight to Ames.

The upset of the last bout appears in greater proportion when it is recalled that Maxwell was the superior fighter and to all appearances had his opponent whipped. Maxwell however did not cover up, and the Ames lad, hanging on, but still packing the punch, took the opening that brought the victory to his team.

Springer and Dolan fought a slow three rounds in the opener and Spillane won over Rouser in the featherweight class by a technical knockout. Rouser was floored in the third and failed to get to his feet under the count. Canny of Notre Dame won the judges' decision in the middleweight class over Blue of Ames. The visitor was a tall, gaunt youth with a lengthy reach and an intricate body motion, that staved off his finish while Canny was seeking for the right side of his target.

## Summary:

*Light heavyweight*—Springer, N. D., won decision over Dolan, A.

*Bantamweight*—Seeley, A., won decision over Harvey, N. D.

*Featherweight*—Spillane, N. D., won technical K. O. over Rouser, A.

*Lightweight*—Kintz, A., won decision over Goslin, N. D.

*Welterweight*—Dunbar, A., won decision over Lim, N. D.

*Middleweight*—Canny won decision over Blue, A.

*Heavyweight*—Larson, A., won decision over Maxwell, N. D.

Officials—Referee, Capt. Myers, Culver; Judges, Peck and Latan, Culver.

## E. E'. DOWN CHEM. QUINTET 19-10

*Daniel J. O'Neill, '25*

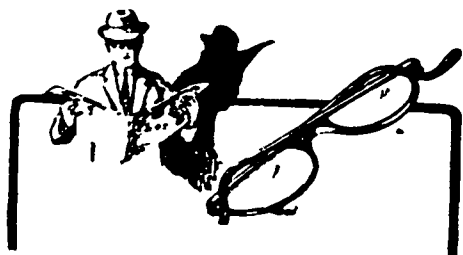
The Electrical Engineers' quintet of loop artists continued their winning streak by defeating the Chemical Engineers in a fast and furious battle on Wednesday evening, February 25. The score at the end of the half stood 9-8 in favor of the E. E's. Captain Sheridan used a little Rockne stuff by not starting his regulars, Osborne and MacDonald. But due to the clamoring of the fans, these boys of "Big Bertha" fame were injected into the fracas at the start of the second half, and from then on the result was never in doubt. "Quasimodo" Osborne immediately brought the spectators to their feet with a Krupp special from the opposite foul line, while MacDonald covered the floor like paint. These lads look like good material for next year's Varsity.

During the first half, Referee Kerwan and Scorekeeper Gus MacDonald called time out to discuss some technicalities regarding both teams' uniforms being the same color, but play was resumed without change.

Mason's guarding scintillated while Captain Sheridan played his usual good game. The shooting of Kizer and the guarding of Fields featured the losers' play.

This week the E. E. "horsemen" will engage in strenuous practice in preparation for their tilt next week with the highly touted C. E. outfit. Lineup:

E. E. (19)	Ch. E. (10)
Gomez .....	Motz
Sheridan .....	Miller
O'Neil, Osborne .....	O'Connor
Mason .....	Kizer
Daly, MacDonald .....	Field



### FORESIGHT IN EYESIGHT

NATURE never gives a guarantee of perfect health. Feeling fine now is no assurance you'll stay that way. Even slight eye strain should not be neglected. Its effect on the nervous system causes headaches, indigestion, dullness, and other illnesses. Now is the time to find out about "those eyes."

**ROGERS**  
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

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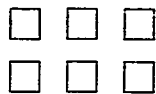
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New steps each month direct from New York.

## YELLOW CAB CO



710 NILES AVENUE  
PHONE MAIN 5200

## BRINGING THE COLLEGE MAN INTO THE SALES FORCE

V. V. LAWLESS

(Advertising and Selling Fortnightly)

(CONTINUED FROM THE LAST ISSUE)

This same sales manager remarked the other day: "The trouble with the average college man is that he can't go to work any place because there is nothing in particular he can do. His splendid training gets no chance to assert itself. On the other hand, if I could take ten or twelve young college men each spring, have them learn shorthand and typewriting in a hurry, I could put them into the sales department and in two or three years they would have a fundamental knowledge of the business which would be tremendously useful to them in their future work. Then I could make them junior salesmen and, after a short course of that work, I could count on a splendid addition to the regular force."

"It would be a wonderful thing if every year I could work into the force ten or twelve or fifteen men who not only had a college education but who had three or four years in our office as correspondents, then two or three years as junior salesmen. By the time we had promoted thirty or forty of such men into the regular sales force, we would have done something worth while. I am trying to do that very thing right now. It will be a few years before we can see tangible results, but the way these young men are coming along, the future for them and for us is most promising."

But the big problem is to find the kind of college men who will take hold in this way. Most of them feel that they are going backward and failing to make use of their college training. It is a fact that, over and over again, one talks to a man of thirty who has been out of college for eight or nine years and hears the story: "Well, I'm glad I went to college and I can see now where it is going to prove helpful to me. But what I didn't realize when I left college was how to use my education."

"I could not realize that I was only twenty-one and that twenty-one is a cub age in business. I felt I was not getting a chance, was not making headway fast enough, and as a result I jumped from job to job. It took me a good many years to learn that after spending four years in college, I could well afford to spend another four years in a good house and learn that business and thus gradually get a chance to cash in on my education. Now, at thirty, I have learned my lesson and I am at it, but I would have been several years ahead if I had stuck to the house I went with when I left college."

I know a sales manager who, each year, tries to find some dozen or more good college men.

# WRIGLEYS

*After Every Meal*

**It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.**

**Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.**



When he finds such a man, he puts it up to him plainly that right at the moment he is not as useful around the office as the young men who have spent three or four years in business. But he explains that while the college man will come in and prove less useful at the moment than the eighteen dollar a week typist, still, everything else being equal, if the college man will realize that, and will realize that he must be willing to put in several years to make himself useful, then at thirty he may find himself well ahead of the man who had four years' start in the office.

He impresses on the young college man that the company expects to make an investment in him and that it knows it is going to take several years to make the man a profitable member of the organization, but that if the man will take the same interest in learning the business as the busi-

ness will in teaching the man, profitable results should follow on both sides.

Then the process of training the college man and building a business structure on his college foundation is under way. More often than not it works out profitably to all concerned. But there is always one risk which accompanies this process, and that is that after two or three years, the college man becomes discouraged. He feels he is not earning the money that he imagined in college he would be worth when he went into business. He starts to look around. He finds another job that offers a little more money and he is gone. The house that took him up and hoped to have him prove valuable at thirty is out both time and money.

That led a cynical sales manager to remark that he never hired college men when they had just come from college. On the contrary, he was looking for college men who had been out of college six to eight years, who had held five or six jobs during that time, who had felt they were not appreciated and had consequently moved from job to job, but who now, at thirty, were fully disillusioned and ready to settle down. They are men into whose heads business judgment has been hammered on top of their college education.

That is a rather hard attitude to take, but it does bring out one concluding thought, namely, that nine college men out of ten are bound to go through a tremendous mental upset during their first year or two in business. Things are so much different from the way they thought they would be. These are the years when they are most likely to become discouraged and downhearted and turn into drifters. These are the years when the wise sales manager makes it his business to keep them mentally adjusted to their jobs and their futures. And that work being properly done by the sales manager, there is more than an even chance to cash in splendidly on the college man brought into the business.

## TOWER'S FISH BRAND COLLEGE COATS

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*All the go with College men*

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(YELLOW OR OLIVE)

**Sport Coats**  
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TRADE MARK  
**FISH BRAND**  
*"The Rainy Day Pal"*

AJ. TOWER CO.

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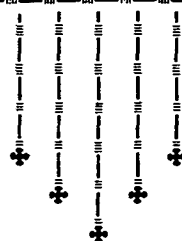
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# *The Notre Dame Scholastic*

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY  
PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

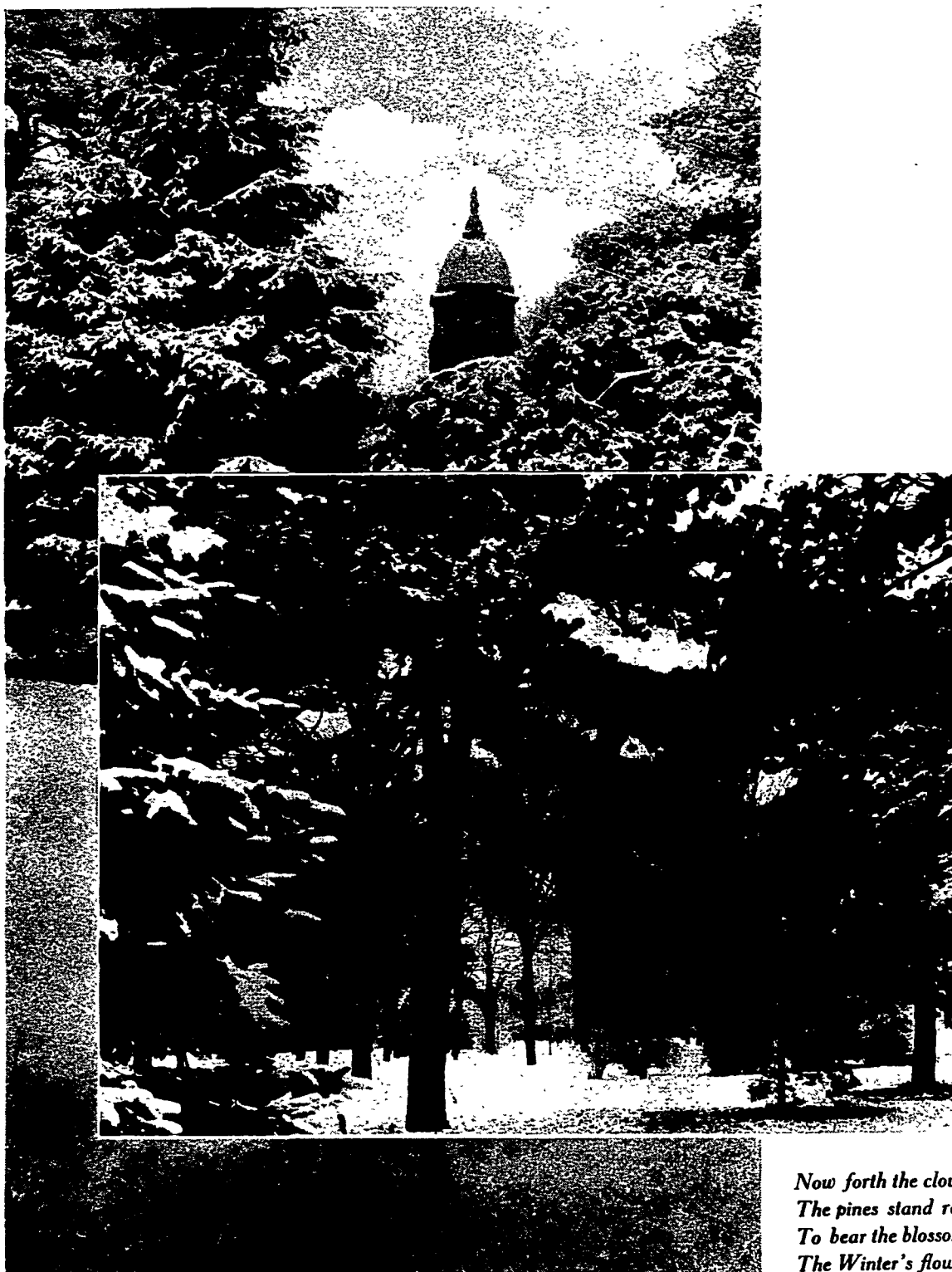
—ILLUSTRATED—

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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*Advertisers in Notre Dame publications  
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



*Now forth the cloud's white troopers go;  
The pines stand ready, row on row  
To bear the blossoms of the snow—  
The Winter's flowers.*

# ... THE WEEK ...

'Od's Ice and Snowballs! March ought to go out like a lamb.

Everybody's complaining about missing the earthquake. On the campus everyone was too engrossed in "Abraham Lincoln" to notice it and they didn't notice it downtown because they thought it was Alex Sievers taking another first in the plunge. The Native Sons are trembling over their supremacy in this hitherto uncontested field. It is reported that one Californian down town turned in the fire alarm as soon as he felt the shock.

The debating team opened the season with an appearance at St. Mary's last Sunday night. The News Editor of the SCHOLASTIC had so many volunteers to cover the story that he finally decided to cover it himself. St. Mary's offers a fine test for composure and logic. And having the benefit of Father Bolger's teaching they make excellent critics.

Franklin, after a series of losses to the teams in the southern part of the state, recovered enough to take a close game from Notre Dame after a fast and interesting contest. Vandirvier, the streak of lightning of the opposition, struck more than twice in the same place. Even Illinois, whom Notre Dame defeated in a brilliant game earlier in the season, is dimming the glory of that game by dropping consistently in the Big Ten race. The Franklin game marked the close of the home games, which, win or lose, gave Notre Dame fans a decided eyeful of real basketball, and put Coach Keogan's five on the official basketball map of the United States.

Michigan Agricultural College water-boys proved themselves more at home with the

tractor than with the tank, and dropped a one-sided swimming meet to Notre Dame in the Municipal Pool on Saturday night. The local ducks took consistent firsts throughout.

Notices were posted for the first football meeting on March 2. Which will once more furnish a topic of conversation that will last until the final post-mortem next year. Every year holds forth new possibilities, for coaches are no exception to the rule that "hope springs eternal...." And with the departure of this year's astronomical galaxy, the spring elsewhere is unusually high.

"The splendor that was Greece and the glory that was Rome" have been appropriated and distributed among the dramatically inclined of the campus. The famous Student Varieties is scheduled for next week under the experienced and capable supervision of the veteran Dick Lightfoot, who has gathered an array of talent that threatens to make the cast of "The Rivals" appear amateurish. On top of this revival in stage activities comes the formation of the Players Club to put on plays that are Notre Dame products from creation to eulogy.

Lent is in evidence, accompanied by an increase in cigars, pipes and chewing tobacco to evade the lure of the customary cigarette. The lights are more frequent in the halls, and the services in the hall chapels are well-attended. And, to appropriate a phrase usually reserved for a different season—only 35 days until Easter.

The Glee Club gave a concert Wednesday night at St. Joseph's Hospital. The hospital is probably inaugurating a drive for nurses. Reports say the affair was a decided success, several patients recovering immediately.

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### S. A. C. Notes

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Chief among the many things accomplished by the S. A. C. last Sunday morning was the adoption of the recently revised election rules. The new regulations were read by John Moran, chairman of the elections committee.

Outstanding in the new rules are these three provisions: (1) Only those who are away from Notre Dame on election day "in the common interest of the University" are to be allowed an absentee vote. (e. g. members of the Baseball Team or Glee Club.) (2) The Senior S. A. C. representatives from the various Colleges are each to be elected by the men of their own College only and not, as in the past, by the Junior Class as a whole. (3) There is to be a single day specified for the election of upper-class officers and S. A. C. members. On this day the polls will be open from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon. Printed ballots will be provided for the voters.

A draft of the revised rules will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—NDS—

Joseph Rigali, a Junior in the Department of Architecture, attended the meeting and, with the assistance of a clay model, presented his ideas with regard to the proposed football memorial. Mr. Rigali's plan, embodying a tablet of bronze, was very favorably received and his offer to have detailed sketches made, was quickly accepted.

—NDS—

Seeking to assist the cheerleader in planning his important work, the Council agreed that he should be chosen in the spring rather than in the fall. A motion to that effect was therefore passed. The selection of next year's cheerleader will take place in April or May.

—NDS—

John Purcell, especially, and several others, thought that the campaign to gather funds for the football memorial was somewhat impeded by lack of sufficient publicity. A committee, consisting of Purcell, Rahe and Kes-

ting, was thereupon appointed to increase the publicity. The collection of contributions for the fund was continued this week on the campus and, through the Blue Circle, will be extended to off-campus students next week.

—NDS—

At the suggestion of Jack Scallan, the Council voted to offer all possible assistance to the Drama Club in its efforts to awaken the spirit of drama on the campus. No specification as to the manner of assistance was made.

Another suggestion by Jack Scallan, that the S. A. C. attempt to arouse a greater interest of the student body in Washington Hall debates, was received favorably and acted upon. The bulletins, appearing during the week from the hand of George Bischoff, President of the S. A. C., were one evidence of this attempt.

—NDS—

Bulletins and bulletin boards—the eternal question of satisfactory publicity without a *Daily*—came in for a lengthy discussion. John Purcell thought that a bulletin, containing mention of all meetings scheduled for that day, should be posted each morning. Some disagreed with that particular idea but all agreed upon the insufficiency of present publicity methods and the unsightliness of the bulletin boards. No definite action was taken in the matter; discussion will be continued at tomorrow's meeting.

—NDS—

The chairman of the Blue Circle was authorized to order the pins which each year are awarded to those who have served on the Blue Circle.

—NDS—

The S. A. C. members, absent from the meeting, were: Bach, Daily, Brady, O'Neill, Collins, and Green. The first three named were excused.

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The Very Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., President Emeritus of the University, has returned home after an absence of several months in the interest of the Greater Notre Dame.

## THE DEATH OF MR. PATRICK T. BARRY

News of the death on March second of Mr. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, caused genuine grief to the older denizens of the campus. For more than forty years this devoted friend of Notre Dame had presented an annual Gold Medal for Elocution, and in various other ways from time to time manifested his interest and generosity. For years he was a leader in civic affairs in Chicago, and he was always a prominent figure in Celtic movements and Catholic enterprises. The present writer remembers hearing Mr. Barry say that the first sounds he heard on the streets of New York on his arrival as an immigrant boy in this country in 1864 were the shouts of newsboys announcing as the morning's big sensation the General Absolution pronounced by Father William Corby, C.S.C., over the Irish Brigade the day before the battle at Gettysburg.

The University conferred the degree of A. M. on Mr. Barry in 1890.—*R.I.P.*

## SCRIBBLERS HAVE INTERESTING MEETING

Last Wednesday night, in the usual place, The Scribblers met, read, and criticised several papers. It being an All-Scribbler meeting, no speaker was engaged.

"God's Voice," a pastel by John Gallagher, succeeded in arousing the first faint rustlings of criticism, largely favorable in character. The discussion of Francis C. Miller's poem "Humanity" centered almost entirely on the question of the admissibility of a certain word: poetic license was invoked in an attempt to settle the matter. Mystification followed the reading of an untitled sonnet by Corbin Patrick; even the author professed himself unable to offer a reasonable solution. Harry McGuire read two poems which were well liked, one especially, "The Door," provoking a good deal of thought and incidentally, mirth. Jerry Holland climaxed the evening by producing first a very clever book review, and then a series of epigrammatic characterizations of some of the modern poets.

## Library

During the month of February, 2188 books were borrowed from the Library through the circulation desk. This is an increase of more than 500 over February, 1924.

From the reference desk, 1286 books were borrowed during February. For the corresponding month of 1924, there were only 892.

The following books were placed in the stacks, on March 3, for circulation:

- Benson, R. H.—Confessions of a Convert.  
 Bergengren, R. W.—Comforts of Home.  
 Birmingham, G. A.—Up, the Rebels!  
 Cobb, I. S.—Indiana.  
 Coleman, G. S.—Calculating in Heating and Ventilation.  
 Conyington, H. R.—Financing an Enterprise. 8 v.  
 Desmond, Shaw—Drama of Sinn Fein.  
 Devivier, W.—Christian Apologetics. New ed.  
 Ford, J. L.—Every Day in the Year.  
 Fulton, M. G.—Southern Life in Southern Literature.  
 Gardiner, J.—Bible as English Literature.  
 Hayden, M. T.—Short History of the Irish People. From the Earliest Time to 1920.  
 Hearn, Lafcadio—Japanese Lyrics.  
 Hogan, James—Ireland in the European System. v. 1.  
 Holme, Charles—Art of the British Empire Overseas.  
 Johnson, J. E.—Selected Articles on Child Labor.  
 Joseph, Michael—Short Story Writing for Profit.  
 Lynch, J. G. B.—Best Ghost Stories.  
 Pennell, Joseph—Joseph Pennell's Pictures in the Land of Temples.  
 Ravage, M. E.—Malady of Europe.  
 Rosen, R. R.—Forty Years of Diplomacy. 2 v.  
 Shaw, A. W. Company—Advertising.  
 Tarkington, Booth—Harlequin and Columbine.  
 Whitcomb, S. L.—Study of a Novel.  
 Wood, I. F.—Bible as Literature.

The appearance here last night with the Wabash debating team, of Leland M. Ross, was of special interest. He is the orator who won the State Oratorical Contest recently and the one who will represent Indiana in the Interstate Oratorical Contest later in the year.

**DEATH OF JOSEPH IVAN KEPNER, '24.**

Following an illness of four months with pneumonia, Joseph Ivan Kepner, LL.B., '24, died at St. Anthony's Hospital in his home town of Rockford, Illinois on Friday night February 27.

Blood transfusion was resorted to on Thursday in a final effort to save Mr. Kepner's life. There was a temporary improvement but on Friday his condition again became critical and death soon followed.

The funeral Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Church, Rockford, on Monday by Father James Gallagan, C.S.C., of Notre Dame. Rex Enright and E. M. Lorden, '24, both of Rockford, were two of the pallbearers and Paul Funk, '24, with John James, '24, attended the funeral from Elgin, Illinois.

Mr. Kepner came to Notre Dame in 1920 after his graduation from the Rockford High School. His time here was especially marked by his association with the Band; he was one of its most talented members for four years. Only twenty years old he was further distinguished, it is said, by being the youngest graduate of the College of Law in fifteen years. A genial personality won for him many friends, who sincerely mourn his premature death.

To the bereaved family, Notre Dame extends her heartfelt sympathy and the promise of spiritual remembrance of her deceased son.—*R.I.P.*

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**DALY AND TREVINO READ TO  
A. I. E. E.**

Only a small group of members were present at the meeting of the A.I.E.E., held last Monday evening, in the Engineering Building.

After a short business meeting two papers were read and discussed. Martin B. Daly handled very creditably "The Use of Electric Power in the Production of Crude Oil." Though the uses of the various products of petroleum are quite universal, the actual means of production of the crude oil is unknown to most persons; for this reason Mr. Daly's talk was very interesting. Rudolfo R. Trevino read a paper on "Electric Railway Signals;" his discussion dealt mostly

with the use and meaning of semaphore signals.

Norbin Arehart, Thomas Sheridan and Frank Mayer promise a surprise for the next regular meeting of the A.I.E.E. The members of the club are eagerly awaiting this "mysterious something."

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**ARTICLE BY FATHER CAVANAUGH  
FEATURES FEBRUARY "ALUMNUS"**

Universal Notre Dame Night, which was inaugurated last year by Mr. John Neeson, then President of the Alumni, will be observed this year on April 22, President H. A. O'Donnell announces in the February issue of *The Alumnus*. Such beneficial results were obtained from last year's gathering of the "old grads" in more than forty cities, that the Alumni Association is preparing to make this one of the most memorable events of the present year. It plans to have sixty simultaneous meetings in every state of the Union.

"The Relation of Religious Training to Education," a subject discussed by the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., D.D., at the Indiana Conference of Educators, held in Indianapolis on January 14, is also contained in *The Alumnus*. Placing particular stress on religion and its universal urge and constructive force, and on the origin of the school system, Father Cavanaugh tells of the ideal blend of religious training with education.

Other articles to be found in the February issue are "The University Art Gallery," by Denis J. O'Neil, '26, "Campus News and Views," by James E. Armstrong, '25, and summary of basketball, track, hockey, and swimming.

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**SENIOR BALL ORCHESTRA TO BE  
SELECTED SOON**

The following are some of the orchestras under consideration for the Senior Ball: Charlie Straight's; Don Bestor's; Sleepy Hall's (Hall is recently from Yale); Ray Chapman's, all of Chicago, and Coon Sanders and his Kansas City Night Hawks.

Arrangements for the Ball are progressing favorably and the definite selection of an orchestra may be expected soon.

**"THE RIVALS"**

Acting upon the suggestion made by Mr. Clayton Hamilton in the course of his lectures here, the student body moved almost *en masse* to the Oliver Theatre last Thursday evening to attend the performance of Philip Sheridan's famous comedy "The Rivals." Upon the occasion of the sesquicentennial of this classic, we find it still fresh and full of the richest and most sparkling wit and humor.

As for the cast, the name of James Powers must lead all the rest. It was he, as Bob Acres, who was responsible for most of the comedy that enriched the piece. Whether explaining his theory of "genteel swearing" or diligently trying to escape a dreaded duel, Powers was always funny and often uproarious.

Mrs. Fiske played the part of Mrs. Malaprop, the sentimental and uncomely widow who was so addicted to absurd misnomers. The habit of referring to "the pineapple of perfection," strangely enough, became decidedly boring to us after the first act, and the too frequent use of this easy device is the principal fault with the play. If Mrs. Malaprop were made to be guilty of but ten misnomers in the course of an evening, she would be vastly more convincing and every bit as funny.

Tom Wise as Sir Anthony Absolute, and the veteran Chauncey Olcott as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, were characteristically good. Lola Fisher as Lydia, besides delighting the "elegans spectator formarum," gave a very delightful performance of her part.

"The Rivals" after one hundred and fifty years is still a popular play. Let us remember that its author, Sir Philip Brinsley Sheridan, was but twenty-three years of age when he wrote this classic, his first attempt at play-writing.

—EUSTACE CULLINAN, '25

**BEG YOUR PARDON**

The Notre Dame negative debating team appeared at DePauw, Greencastle, Indiana, last night rather than at Wabash as was stated in last week's SCHOLASTIC.

**ONE HUNDRED ENROLL FOR NEW PLAYERS CLUB**

A meeting of the rejuvenated Players Club, formerly the Drama Club, Tuesday night, resulted in the enrollment being raised to almost one-hundred members. The proposed constitution of the organization, as drawn by the executive committee, was read to the Club and approved by a quorum.

John Q. Adams was elected Business Manager, and Corbin Patrick was chosen to fill the position of Stage Manager. The last named will select a group to take care of the properties so necessary to the production of any play.

Tryouts for the plays, "The Old Man," by Harry A. McGuire; "Superstition," by Delmar Edmondson; and "The Roommate," by Ray Hunt, all of Notre Dame, were held. Because of the numerous aspirants the results of these tryouts will not be known for some time.

The possibility of a tour during the Easter vacation is being considered.

**1925 MONOGRAM ABSURDITIES**

Preliminary plans for the Monogram Absurdities, annual Monogram Club production, are being formulated although no definite dates for the presentation in Washington Hall have been set.

With the glorious success of last year's Absurdities still in mind the Monogram Club is striving to arrange a 1925 show that will at least equal its immediate predecessor. It is desired to continue the all-Notre Dame idea and to make the 1925 Absurdities as truly representative of Notre Dame as was the 1924 edition.

To that end, Elmer Layden, President of the Monogram Club asks that any student having ideas, suitable for use in the Absurdities, communicate at once with him in Sorin Hall. Those, too, who may be able to present a skit or act of any kind, are asked to communicate with him.

The harmful disregard of the beauty of the campus, as evidenced by those who wander from the cinder paths, presents a problem which can be solved only by the individual.

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## Music

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Dr. J. Lewis Browne, Conductor of the Notre Dame Glee Club, is a musician and composer of international reputation. Under his direction, the Glee club has attained its present position among the finest of such organizations in the country. A brief resume of his career may be of interest to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC.

Dr. Browne was in 1901 soloist at the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome; he was organist at Wanamaker's Egyptian Hall in Philadelphia from 1908 to 1910. He was prominent in organ recitals at the World's Fair, and at the Carnegie concerts in Pittsburgh. Dr. Browne has given organ recitals in Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Toronto, Atlanta, Salt Lake City, and in Philadelphia where he made over five hundred appearances.

He is a composer of international note as well as a noted interpreter of the work of others. In 1923, his opera, "La Corsicana" was produced at the Playhouse Theatre in Chicago, where it met with success. His other compositions are of great range and variety from organ pieces, compositions for piano, orchestra, part-songs and motettes to sixty or more sacred and secular songs.

Dr. Browne is at the present time, aside from his duties as conductor of the Glee Club, choir master of St. Patrick's Church in Chicago, and is in charge of the theory department of the Fine Arts Conservatory of

Music. He is a member of the Illinois Chapter of American Guild of Organists and is a member of the Royal Philharmonic Academy of Rome.

On the Campus, he has charge of the choir from Moreau Seminary; he is also director of the choir of St. Patrick's church in South Bend. Dr. Browne received a letter from His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, as a recognition of the Mass which was written by the Doctor in honor of the Pope.

—NDS—

The Orchestra has been reorganized and will resume activity under the direction of Mr. Joseph Casasanta. Rehearsals have started on the program which will be given in Washington Hall in the spring.

—NDS—

The Glee Club appeared in St. Edward's Hall Tuesday afternoon, March 2, and sang a number of songs from their concert program for the Minims. The Club sang two groups of three songs each and the Glee Club Quartet sang several numbers also. About one hundred of the Minims with several of the Sisters and a few guests attended the concert.

—NDS—

The Glee Club gave their full program at St. Joseph's Hospital in South Bend Wednesday night, March 4. The Sisters, nurses, and several of the patients, including Prof. McCarthy, attended the concert.

—NDS—

A Glee Club concert in Washington Hall is announced for the night of St. Patrick's Day, March 17. Miss Sara McCabe of Chicago will be the assisting artist with the organization.



DR. J. LEWIS BROWNE



**DEBATERS SPEAK AT ST. MARY'S**

By a vote of 21 to 15, the negative debating team, composed of David Stanton, Seymour Weisburger and Joseph Hogan, won over the affirmative team, composed of Oscar Lavery, Ray Cunningham and William Coyne, in a debate at St. Mary's last Sunday night. The members of the Senior Class and of Father Bolger's politics class at St. Mary's were the judges.

Victor Lemmer was the chairman of the evening. Father Bolger, director of debating, prefaced the contest with a few explanatory remarks, and spoke a few more words after the decision had been announced.

**"SCHOLASTIC" ADVERTISING CLUB HEARS IMPORTANT SPEAKERS**

The second dinner of the Advertising Club of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC was held in the Turkish Room of the Oliver Hotel last Saturday night. Mr. McAuliffe of the *News-Times* and Mr. Bowen of the *Tribune* were the principal speakers.

Mr. McAuliffe emphasized the need for a theoretical knowledge of advertising in agency work. He outlined several typical advertising campaigns and explained their appeal.

Mr. Bowman spoke of the merchandising and research fields in advertising and of the opportunity for college graduates on the business staff of a newspaper.

**TWIN CITY-NOTRE DAME CLUB TO HONOR COACH ROCKNE**

A "Rockne banquet" at which Coach Rockne will be the honored guest, will be given by the Twin City-Notre Dame Club on Monday, March 9, in the Hotel Nicolette, Minneapolis. Jim Swift LL.B. '24, who was President of the Students' Activities Council last year, is Secretary-Treasurer of the Twin City Club. To assure proper local color the Twin City Club has obtained from the Students' Activities Council the electrically illuminated "N. D." sign.

**The Boy Guidance Department**

Miss Dernbach, head of the Vocational Guidance Department in the South Bend schools, gave an interesting talk, Monday, March 2. She explained the work of her department and the progress which has been made in helping the student "find himself," that is, discovering the profession or trade for which he is best fitted.

—NDS—

The members of the Belgian Athletic Club of Sacred Heart Parish have engaged in numerous activities during the past months. Their latest endeavor is taking the form of a bowling tournament which will be run off next week.

—NDS—

Mr. Kremp reports that his trusty Stetson has failed him. Anyone having any information regarding the whereabouts of this headpiece is requested to communicate with Mr. Kremp at room No. 256, Graduate Hall. A generous reward is offered.

—NDS—

Mr. Hughes has joined the select Music Circle in Graduate Hall. His offerings have been received with great enthusiasm.

—NDS—

Through the generosity of Brother Barnabas the Graduate Hall piano has been overhauled and we are now able to recognize by name the attempts of Messrs. Doyle and Becker.

—NDS—

President Lacey of the Clubbers announces that his organization will suspend activities until after the Easter vacation.

—NDS—

Mr. Morrissey has started work on another play, "The Gypsy Rover," which will be shown at St. Joseph's Hall shortly after Lent.

**SENIOR BALL TICKETS ON SALE**

The Senior Ball Committee urgently requests all Seniors to purchase Ball tickets as soon as possible. Tickets may be paid for in full, or as previously explained, may be bought on the time-payment plan. The Committee would appreciate payment in full in order to obtain funds with which to proceed with their arrangements.

Ball invitations will be on the campus very shortly, and may be had when the second payment is made on the ticket.

# -:- EDITORIAL -:-

## HOW NOT TO USE THE LIBRARY

Two weeks ago we published in these columns an editorial calling attention to the regrettable conduct of certain students in the class-rooms of Science Hall. Now the complaint comes that the Library, too, is suffering from the unthinking acts of those who do not conduct themselves in the manner to be expected of college men.

Both the marble floor near the card catalog and the cork floor coverings in the reference rooms show unsightly ink spots, the result of viciously splashed Duofolds which fail to respond to the first gentle touch. No amount of scrubbing will remove these disfigurements and it is likely that the use of fountain pens will be prohibited in the Library because a few students persist in forgetting that they are not back in the Little Red Schoolhouse.

The reference books also tell a tale of woe. Pages are missing, pages are torn, and pages are written upon. It seems that some students are determined to write something for posterity. Why they should choose the margin of a page in an encyclopaedia is a question. But they do; and to make sure that posterity will not be cheated of their musings, observations, and mental (?) reservations, they write in ink.

Others come to the Library as to a circus, equipped with a bag of peanuts. Then follows a glorious half hour of munching, to the evident delight of the munchers and the quite evident disgust of those who are compelled to "listen in" on the revelries. Even the peanuts object. Some of them escape and fall to the floor, only to be heartlessly crushed later beneath a "he-man's" number

ten. . . . and only a grease spot remains. It might be well to note here that a student comes to the Library, presumably, because he is mentally hungry; ample provisions have been made elsewhere to satisfy the cravings of the physical appetite.

To call attention to these facts should not be necessary; we regret the necessity for so doing. But we are conscious of a sense of pride when showing guests through the Library; we remember that it was built when the University could hardly afford the expense of such a structure; we know that those in charge are doing all in their power to keep the Library looking like a Library, as a place for the use of intelligent persons should look, and to maintain therein the best possible conditions for study and research. Moreover, we feel that every student should feel the responsibility of helping in this; and we hope we have said enough on the subject. —A. D. M.

## CONCERNING WRITERS WHO WRITE

The editors of the SCHOLASTIC are pleased to note a renewed interest in literary effort among our under-classmen. Previous pessimistic pleadings have elicited a response which is indeed gratifying. Essays, stories, and verse are finding their way to the hitherto almost barren editorial desk from pens which until now have been held in abeyance.

The work of the Freshman Class is of especial interest. Undoubtedly, there are new writers on the campus, capable of very fine work. And the spirit seems to be there.

If the SCHOLASTIC should be privileged to encourage any writer to literary effort, the work of its editors shall not be wholly unsuccessful. —J. W. S.

## THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

ONE by one customs and traditions yield to the exigencies, real or imaginary, of the ever-changing life about us. Progress demands that the useless be cast aside and replaced with efficient factors of production. In the mad march of twentieth century progress we have been casting aside with such speed and abandon that many worthwhile objects have fallen beneath the feet of an unjust usurper rather than a lawful successor. In most instances of misguided judgment, solid matter in perhaps an unpolished or too familiar form, has been laid aside for an attractive form that proved to be only a form.

A high light in the literary and dramatic circles of the campus has been the annual appearance of Dr. Frederick Paulding, reader. Dr. Paulding was of the "old school," a name that has been indulgently smiled at and laid aside much after the manner of the heavy-framed ancestral portraits. Word comes that Dr. Paulding is not to appear this year; that some of the students complained that he was too "old-fashioned." Perhaps they would permit him to appear if he was accompanied by a chorus, or if he read some of the "modern things." Or perhaps they are among those to whom age connotes not experience and the tempered fineness of time, but only infirmity. With so many fine and beautiful traditions linking Notre Dame's present with her past this tendency to join the growing following of iconoclasm casts a shadow upon an otherwise brilliant future.

Faces seamed with wrinkles that should have marked other faces are becoming too rare. Philosophies of life that transcend material success for the higher things of this life and the happiness of the next are too few. Yet even these few remaining supports are being denied the respect and care that their services have earned. They stand out like the ruins of the Acropolis to remind the dwellers on the plain of the splendor of the past. And like the Greeks, the only result is that the plain dwellers point to the ruins with a certain pride, but allow the decay to continue.

—J. E. A.

## TWENTY-FIVE REFLECTS

THERE were three seniors in this room in Sorin Hall. Each had many things to do before retiring, but for the present they were entertaining each other with talk. It was "tall talk." They were not discussing Einstein's Theory, nor a modern book, nor even a play. They were indulging in that delightful speculation that occurs lately when seniors talk. The theme, of course, was "After Graduation, What?"

Each one had plans—some of the plans were vague, all of the plans ended quite comfortably in success. One said to another, "You're bound to succeed. You'll have plenty of money in ten years." The other replied, "Perhaps. And then I'll have the time and means to search out this thing called beauty." The third doubted that he would still have the capacity to know beauty after such a period of money-grubbing.

The conversation then turned quite naturally to beauty and its relation to happiness. Happiness after all was the main object in life. Authorities were quoted (rather imperfectly, it is true). The talk became so philosophically involved that the subject was shifted. "What have we gotten out of college?" someone queried.

But this is an editorial, (we had almost forgotten), so it is permissible to write mere conjectures as Facts and Truths. Let us. We, (the seniors exclusively, of course), have acquired a confidence in our own ability, a certain self-assurance. We have sharpened our wits that we may face the world and demand of it—Success, (with a capital S and all it connotes in a monetary way). And because of it we will meet this world with undaunted optimism and gain our ends. We cannot fail. We are sure of that. Why, we have the whole world before us—are we not clever, much cleverer than so many of those who have "arrived?"

We are not so sure that we have written an editorial. There is a lesson hidden in it somewhere, however. It is a reflection of Youth, of a spirit that cries out, "I do not know, but I will have—somehow—what I want."

Make way, long-suffering World, for the mighty Senior. He is coming ("only too soon," sobs the World and the Senior).

—J. F. S.

### THE "SQUARE PEG"

THE car was carrying him all too swiftly towards South Bend. From the window he could see the Dome and the towers of the University fading into the distance. Their tender associations were now to be lost to him forever. There lay old Notre Dame behind him—its campus was as beautiful as on the day of his arrival—months ago. He well remembered his first view of the beloved place; he had stood still with folded arms, unable to proceed. He had gloried in each hall, each college, and the church. The far-stretching paths, the dark groves, all so calm and so peaceful might have been his, but now they were not. He could not have another Notre Dame; he could never find such true friends again. There was no one to bid him farewell, to sympathize with him; there was no one to believe he needed sympathy, no one to take interest in him, to feel tender towards him, to defend him. He had suffered much, but there was no one to comfort him. He might say that he had suffered, but he would be rudely told that he had bitten his own nose off, and that he had to give up Notre Dame because of his own puerile ideas of study. Notre Dame had been his school, but now his school knew him no more. He recollected the awe and transport with which he had at first come to the University, as to some sacred shrine, and how from time to time hopes had come to him that some day or other he might have gained a place in its history, and might have had it for his alma mater. One night in particular returned to his memory: he and a friend had ascended to the top of the Dome to view the campus by moonlight; he remembered how he had been looking down into the deep dark-shadowed quadrangle, wondering if he should ever be an honor student of this University. All had passed as a dream, and now he was an outcast—on his way home.

—M. H.

### TALKING SHOP

ORIGINALITY no longer attaches to the statement that the class-room furnishes only a small part of the benefits of a college education. After all, students are constantly proclaiming, book knowledge is not the point: associations, and learning to think are the two big things in college life, and they cannot be taken from a text-book. If we really believe what we are saying, if we are convinced that the classroom lecture is the lesser part of college training, then why in the name of common sense do we not spend more time outside the class-room in the discussion of subjects more important and less trivial and inane.

Right here enters the idea of talking shop. What better way to cultivate associations, to learn to think, than to take part in an intelligent discussion of some point raised in a lecture, some phase of the work of the course? Not everything presented in the class-room can be taken in, understood and digested in the meagre hour of class time; a discussion would settle the matter of the lecture, make it a part of each listener instead of a page in his note book. Law students should talk law. Writers—would be—have plenty of material for discussion; the same applies to prospective engineers, budding business men, student scientists. Everyone has some shop to talk—and if we would all talk it all we can, we would double the benefit of the class-room lecture, and have some very interesting hours besides.

—J. W.

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## *Message of Father Cavanaugh to the Notre Dame Club of Chicago*

*Read at their Annual Dinner, February 23.*

**I**N perfect good faith I accepted the invitation to attend the Notre Dame dinner in Chicago and make a brief address. I expected to have a good time foregathering with the old boys and talking over the old times. Unfortunately campus and community conditions which I can not control prevent me from going to you unless I "skive." Hence this greeting and brief message:

Such gatherings as this you hold tonight have an importance far beyond mere reunion and rejuvenation, beyond memories and laughter and even unshed tears. They are the sacred fires that melt and eternally fuse the past with the present.

The university has a continuous consciousness that stretches back through sympathy and imagination into the hardy and heroic forties. As the background is part of the picture, so the university in its completeness is made up not merely of the faculty and students of today but of all who have gone before with the sign of faith and sleep the sleep of peace. The wraith-like figures of the past with their daily heroisms, their gentle courtesies and friendships, their bluff good fellowship and hardy excellence, their honorable accomplishment, whether in lofty or modest place, are all a part of Notre Dame today. If they had shamed their alma mater before the world the luster of our shield would have faded by so much, the boast upon our lips and the pride in our hearts would never have been. Just as truly their genius and virtue are laurels on the brows of all of us. So, too, you men of today, scattered in divers groups through many cities, are as much a part of Notre Dame as they who teach or they who learn within her walls. It is your particular function to support and encourage in practical ways the prophets and builders of the campus; but it is also your duty to take a share in preserving the Notre Dame you knew, the Notre Dame of the past, and of guarding that it perish not in the name of bigness

or imitative reorganization, or abandonment of the 'kultur' or atmosphere of life that have naturally and without artificial stimulus grown up on the campus.

To illustrate, I lament the passing of the old commencement with its honest blood and color and oratory and pageantry—yea, and festivity! Most of all, I deplore the way barbarians, whether they be freshmen or seniors or any others whatsoever, speak and write as though there were no Notre Dame yesterday, no Notre Dame spirit, no greatness and no wonderful performance in the past; as though, indeed, Notre Dame had just been discovered or created by them instead of being the climax for the moment of eighty years of prayer and toil.

I do not fear that the religious character of our alma mater may deteriorate—that was never so rich and beautiful as at present; but it is quite within the possibilities that some other rare and beautiful things may perish in faculty and students. And the things I refer to, optimism, the Notre Dame 'grin,' the vital fraternity among us all from minim to magister, the absence everywhere of nagging and barking and moodiness and narrowness and the persecuting spirit—these are the things that have made our alma mater distinctive among the great schools.

What then is the practical suggestion?

1. For us of the community and faculty today to realize that while the Congregation of the Holy Cross has legal title to grounds and buildings, the university itself is a spiritual thing which no community can own, which no administration has a right to change radically, which must be buttressed and supported by tradition almost as sacredly as the old historic church. Let the school grow in numbers and in fame. Let professors win great reputation and let methods and equipment improve. But let nothing good in the past be changed or lost. Old ways, old customs, old terminology, old pageantry, old scenery and stage properties, old spirit, old enthusiasm—these things must not be abandoned or destroyed or without good reason changed.

2. Let students of today be drilled in

reverence for the past, for the old gags, the old jokes, the old tricks, the old campus haunts, the old names for things, the old dread for fads and freaks and novelties. Let us hear no more of 'the new Notre Dame,' or of 'forming a Notre Dame spirit,' or of any other vulgar innovation.

3. Let alumni everywhere guard with jealous care the multitude of little details that make up tradition and atmosphere and local color in the life of the university. The alumni can do more by their influence than any other force to prevent the destruction of distinctive Notre Dame life and habit and to avoid vulgar imitation of other schools.

4. Let all of us more and more respect the past and those who made it. Keep alive

the name and the memory of such priests as Sorin, Granger, Corby, Patrick Dillon, Thomas Walsh, Morrissey, Fitte, Stoffel, Zahm and Kirsch, to speak only of the dead. Keep green the memory of Brothers Vincent, Benoit, the two Pauls, Celestine and Marcellinus. Let oblivion never veil the noble features of Professors Lyons, Stace, Edwards, and others as devoted.

5. Let all, and especially our leaders, abjure petty jealousies and acknowledge generously the giants and the labors of the past. It is the sign of a small mind as well as a mean and ignoble nature to minimize the labors of the greater men who have gone before us. If we do all these things there will be no anxiety about the perpetuation of the Notre Dame spirit or the immortality of alma mater.

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### *An Evening Song*

D. H.

#### *Ave Maria*

The day like a burning city, cloud on cloud,  
In waters of red and foaming gold is bowed;

#### *Gratia plena*

Roses that burn, hyacinth, violet, grey!  
Into ashes of darkness tumble the towers of day.

#### *Dominus Tecum*

This night, O Mother, pray the Lord of Night  
With provident ash to cover my spark of light.

#### *Benedicta Tu in Mulieribus*

Blessed Lady, as thy white flesh enfurled  
In thy laden bosom the Light of all the world,

#### *Benedictus Fructus Ventris Tui*

Enclose tonight my soul within thy breast,  
And near His constant Heart give peace and rest.  
Good Night. May sleep the guarding ashes be;  
May buds of embers bloom to rose for thee,  
And odor of roses attend my morning guest,

#### *Jesus.*

### "Terre De Liberte."

ALFRED J. CONNOLLY

**T**He sharp flurry of snow was over and the frosty New Year's Day of 1794 was drawing to its close as Monsieur Robert de la Vergne, late Marquis de Grenoble, walked quickly on his way along the rue de Raynouard. The street stretched the length of the Jardin Royal des Tuilleries. Only once did Monsieur cast a furtive glance across the street to the former household of French royalty. He walked onward with quickened pace.

A sudden peculiar noise, coming from the direction of the Church of St. Pierre, caused him to halt sharply. Monsieur knew well the meaning of the noise. Through shuttered blinds he had watched the endless processions of rude carts, driven by dishevelled agents of the *Comite Revolutionnaire* and surrounded by uncouth and villainous thugs, go by his very door daily for the past fortnight. Here was one of the death-carts coming now—a tumbril on its merry way to the *Place de la Guillotine*. Monsieur stood still, rage in his heart, and watched the ghastly procession file past.

Resuming his walk after the cart had turned the corner, the nobleman of France quickened his pace. Sorrow and fury, intermingled with a sense of utter helplessness were scorching his very soul.

Liberty! He knew the meaning of that word. Had not Monsieur commanded a volunteer battalion of the regiment of Soissons, under Lafayette, in the American's gallant and righteous struggle for freedom? He had fought in America. . . and wooed in America—after Yorktown—bringing back to France as his wife, one of Maryland's fairest daughters, Miss Alice Warrington.

Would he continue loyal to France? For once in his life, he was free to choose his own allegiance. Many of his confrères had effected surreptitious escapes from the country and the guillotine, mainly through the well organized under-ground system conducted by Royalists and by English sympathizers. Monarchists were daily carried to safety from their hiding places along the

coast from Calais to Boulogne. Once the French coast was reached it was a simple matter to cross the straits of Dover to sheltering England. He could join the forces of Monarchists who were at the moment mustering their strength for a final attempt at crushing the red serpent of terror. . . that monstrous body of villains who sought to drain the best blood of the French Empire into the gutters of Paris

Outlawry of the worst kind, cold blooded murder of old and young, and the general confiscation of property belonging to the Monarchists were all in the day's routine of the revolutionists. The wretches would soon confiscate his property. . . it was but a matter of time.

Anyhow, he thought complacently, his only brother, Henri, ten years his junior, was out of harms way. The lad was securely ensconced in Cologne. Now, to get out of this accursed country himself, with his wife and child. Imagination was running riot in Monsieur Robert de la Vergne's brain. He conjured most horrible happenings to his family. Only a miracle could save them from the fate of the hundreds who had already gone to their deaths by way of the guillotine. Well, he would go home, see what could be done about the matter, and, if his plans for the safety of Madame de la Vergne and their child were successful, he would escape to Cologne and join Prince Louis' army, in Germany.

Midway across the Pont Neuf bridge he stopped, leaned over the wall, and gazed down upon the darkened, swirling waters of the Seine. Age-old traditions and beliefs were vanishing from his mind as though they were ephemeral substances. He was slowly coming to the realization that what seems right often turns out to be wrong. His ideals were tumbling to earth. Even Lafayette was wrong. That brave Frenchman, by his assistance to the American colonists in their struggle for liberty, must have done that nation a grievous wrong! Monsieur had fought in the Revolutionary army. Now, he would cross the Rhine, and do his bit toward restoring monarchical rule in his beloved France.



But, his wife! Monsieur's face darkened at thoughts of her safety. Would it be possible to smuggle her and the child out of the country, to America, to remain there until the Reign of Terror that held France in its grip had been stamped underfoot?

Resuming his walk down the rue Langres, and along the Boulevard St. Cyr to the old rue de la Patrie, he soon reached the venerable old mansion that had housed generations of de la Vergnes.

Swinging open the massive iron gates, with his heart heavy at the thought of looking upon the court-yard and the spacious gardens for the last time, Monsieur passed under the porté-cochère, mounted the steps, and, heaving a sigh, entered the great hall of the mansion.

Madame de la Vergne sprang to her feet as her husband entered. "Robert," she cried out in anxiety, searching her husband's face for evidence of new dangers.

"I—I was detained, Alice," he reassured her, putting an arm about her.

"How is Maurice?"

Madame lightly touched a bell-rope. The faithful governess, last of the de la Vergne household retinue, appeared presently, leading a flaxen-haired boy of seven, who ran to his father and was gathered in paternal arms. Madame de la Vergne smiled.

It was a pretty picture—the huge salon, with red tongues of flame dancing brightly on the hearth; from the fire-place above looked down one of the de la Vergne ancestors, leader of one of Maréchal Sax's regiments in the French conquest of the Austrian Netherlands; warm plush curtains were at the windows and the gleam of marble statuary in the subdued light of the room.

A knock on the porte-cochère quickly dispelled happiness from the family group. The door was rudely forced open by two armed ruffians accompanied by the feared agent of the *Comité Revolutionnaire*, Bigot. Monsieur de la Vergne faced them.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, agent Bigot?" he inquired sternly, shifting his glance from the treacherous looking guards to the agent.

"I must carry out my duty, citizen de la

Vergne," muttered agent Bigot, taking a step forward.

"Since when has it been your duty to force entrance into a gentleman's house?" retorted de la Vergne, angrily.

"I am merely following out the instructions of my superiors, the *Comité Revolutionnaire*. I have been sent here to arrest you, citizen de la Vergne, and present you before the *Comité de Salut Public*. They are to be in session this night.

"What are the charges, agent Bigot?" queried de la Vergne with composure.

"Assisting in the escape to England, of that arch-scoundrel, Prince Gallieux. . ."

"Ah."

Bigot faced his men. "Arrest this man, soldiers," he growled.

Madame de la Vergne, face blanched with fear, sprang to her husband's side, crying: "You shall not take him."

Realizing the utter futility of resistance, Monsieur put down the boy and calmly delivered himself over to the terrorists.

Bigot advanced toward de la Vergne. He whispered words of regret into the nobleman's ears, and graciously offered to do his best toward helping matters in any way possible. "The agent can be bought," thought de la Vergne. Forthwith he proceeded to make a bargain with the revolutionist officer.

"Alice," said de la Vergne, in a low tone, "it is unnecessary for me to tell you what it means for me to go before the *Comité*. Instead of resisting I have bargained with this gentleman here . . ." a scornful smile lingered for a second on de la Vergne's lips, "—for ten thousand francs to be allowed to put you and Maurice in a place of safety. . . if there is such a thing in this unhappy land of ours.

"Jeanne," cried de la Vergne to the child's governess, "Hurry! Some wraps for Madame and the boy. There is but little time and these fellows will brook no delay." He smiled bitterly at his own helplessness.

"Where are you going to take us?" Madame faintly asked her husband.

"I am going to take you to the one asylum of safety left in this doomed city of Paris—



the American Legation, there you will be under the protection of my good friend and ally, Monsieur Reed Hamilton."

Scarcely five minutes elapsed before Monsieur Robert de la Vergne had led his family group through darkened streets to a building on the rue Versailles. Agent Bigot and his aides followed two paces in the rear.

Monsieur knocked on the door. Presently there appeared his old friend in America, the man to whom he would now appeal for succor and refuge for his wife and child.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" cried the American Minister, instantly; taking in the situation, and nervously glancing first at Madame and Monsieur, then at the agent, Bigot, his armed cut-throats, and lastly upon the faithful Jeanne holding little Maurice by the hand.

"Come in out of the night." The sorrowful family slowly entered the harbor of safety—an island protected by the American flag and surrounded by murder and holocaust—the American Legation.

Monsieur de la Vergne briefly related the plight of himself and family. He was considerably relieved by the comforting words of Monsieur Hamilton, who assured him that he would protect and care for Madame and the child to the full extent of his power.

Since the American had not invited them to seek shelter and refuge in his Legation building, he had made no breach of neutrality in permitting them to remain there. He would protect from danger. De la Vergne was visibly moved. He rose to go.

"Friend Hamilton, I go now, much relieved.

I have but one more favor to ask of you. My ardent wish is for Madame and the boy to leave for America at the earliest possible date. Would that I had never brought Alice to this war-ridden country. Perhaps they will come back to France later, when. . ."

"Never," interrupted Alice sharply. "I denounce France once and for all time—France that would murder my husband, and orphan my child."

Little Maurice clung to her in terror.

"I shall teach Maurice to forget this blood-stained land and the language he now speaks. He shall only remember you, Robert, and—" Rising, she threw herself into her husband's arms in an agony of grief.

"As you wish, Alice," and de la Vergne looked gently down upon her agonizing features. "Give him this to remember his father and his father's people by." And, detaching a seal that hung from the ribbon of his watch fob, he handed it to his wife. It was a richly wrought circlet of gold, set with lapis lazuli, in which was carved the de la Vergne family crest.

There was a shuffle of feet at the door and Bigot came forward. "Citizen de la Vergne—time presses. . ."

"I am ready, Bigot," said de la Vergne. And, with a gesture of gratitude to Minister Hamilton and a farewell kiss to his wife and son, Monsieur Robert de la Vergne, late Marquis de Grenoble, followed by agent Bigot and his soldiers, turned away, and, in an instant, had faded into the night and—the unknown.

### *So Be It*

It rather grieves, yet rather pleases,  
To discover only interest  
Where one thought affection lay.

For there is still a pride that quite appeases,  
Still humor to turn love  
Into a horrid bit of play.

—HARRY M'GUIRE

### "The High Romance"

JAMES A. CARROLL, '25

THIS is the story of a modern Galahad, who after years of wandering and years of groping for the right road, at last found it, and the realization of his romantic dreams, in the Church of Rome. It is a beautifully composed apologia, and one which will securely establish the reputation of Michael Williams in the field of present day writers. This book is a spiritual autobiography, and it deals with the adventures of a man in search of a remedy for a soul which tortured him, adventures in search of the High Romance.

We believe the writer of this recent book has high talent and ability. Passages from the book are of wondrous beauty, appealing to the imagination, and as finely executed as passages from Pater, figurines, delicate prose-poems. But there are faults in this book, though we are probably too ready to comment upon them. The material is not too well arranged, in our opinion, and there is not enough cohesion to make the work strictly perfect.

Mr. Williams is no stylist. He is a gifted writer, and his book is both fascinating and appealing. But he does not impress us as a great writer. He lacks something, we cannot define it, of Stevenson, and Arnold, and Pater, the smoothness with the brilliance, and consistency with the brilliance. The writer seems to have too much material, and too varied a background.

The father of Michael Williams perished in a shipwreck. The family lived at Halifax, at the time the headquarters of the British-Atlantic squadron, and a busy port for sails from every land. The boy spent happy days there, and the coming and going of strange men from strange lands proved a source of constant fascination to him. But most of all, he liked the times when his father's boat would come in, and when the excitement, and wonder, and fear would make life so thrilling! What tales would the children hear! And what strange things their father would bring to them, Spanish toys, pineapples, cocoanuts. All was bustle

and excitement. And then—the father would go away again, and life would slacken, and droop, and pale.

He was thirteen years old when his father perished at sea. The mother, he affirms, had a premonition of the tragedy from a dream, and through the same mysterious manner saw the death of her youngest son, who died six months later. The strange thing—death, was a terrible mystery to Michael, and made him think, and think, and think. He got no revelation from elders, who hastened to hush his old queries. Life went on—so did death. The family was left in need, and the boy's hardships began. The boy, abashed at repeated rebukes, and faced with dire circumstances, left these fascinating and impenetrable mysteries, and now endeavored to solve the problems of life. He went to work in a wholesale dry-goods warehouse.

In these years of his youth he felt the inner fire kindling, the feeble attempts of his soul to sing, to express the wondrous beauty he saw around him. He lost his job because of his inability to make his day-dreams and his work compatible, but there came to him some measure of comfort in the publication of his first crude attempts at composition.

The family moved to Boston, but the boy found living in this historic city less wonderful than he had pictured. Working in the basement of a five-and-ten cent store, under terrible conditions, broke down his health. Mr. Williams' account of the appearance of the first signs of the disease, the "red hieroglyphic," is graphic. It had a demoralizing effect upon him. His ambition to write, his dreams of success, his search for what he vaguely divined as the High Romance, hung in the balance. He was in the great army of the stricken.

About this time he met a character that influenced greatly his later life. This was Philip Hale, editor of "Talk of the Day," to which he had made anonymous contributions. The kindly man took an interest in the boy, and enabled him to leave Boston and go to South Carolina.

There he lived hectic months under skies dreary and bright, haunted by the ravages

of disease, thrilled by the wonder of life he found so interesting. A gruesome death of one of his fellow-sufferers increased the unhappiness of his experience. Yet despite hardships, and despite—he confesses—alcoholic excesses, his strength returned, and eighteen months later he returned to Boston. He had definitely dedicated his life to literary pursuits, but as yet even hope for success was not his. Life was a constant struggle, and at times he could feel himself losing in that struggle. Yet ever the inner spirit comforted him, and his superior artistic nature counselled him that it was all worth while.

There followed years of drifting. Michael Williams then worked in New York, doing slavish but profitable newspaper work. He there formed friendship with a large and cosmopolitan group of fellow-strugglers; he saw the beautiful and the sordid side of New York—looked into the soul, as only a talented newspaperman can. For most of one winter he practically lived on the East Side. He became acquainted with other aspects of New York's singular pageant through passing a year as a reporter at the Mulberry Street police headquarters. He also worked as a reporter in the Criminal Courts, and did general work, here, there, everywhere.

He was now married, the father of two children, precariously situated to meet future misfortunes, and was working himself back into the same dangerous physical condition that had caused his terrified flight to South Carolina. One night the "red hieroglyphic" appeared again, and his scheme of life was again upset. He once more became a wanderer, going to Texas, and thence to San Francisco. The rough and harsh conditions of the West agreed with his emaciated body, and health returned. He still dreamed of beauty as he had since youth, his zest in life was still as keen. He wrote much now, inspired by the grandeur of the new country. He was a vagabond, too, by nature, and loved to raise the song of the Open Road.

Fate, it seemed, beckoned him to the romantic and lovable San Francisco. His original tastes and talent developed broadly,

and matured under the potent influence of the Bohemian town. It was life, he saw there—life, as they say, only San Francisco can show; the tinsel and the pure gold of life; life, which takes in hate and love, passion and serenity, the ugly and the good. Williams worked hard, too hard, on a city newspaper to attain the position of city editor. He was holding this position when the great earthquake of 1906 occurred.

This great upheaval had a severe effect upon the writer's soul and mind. His description of his own reaction to the cataclysm is a remarkable piece of self-analysis. He had seen the city that was. He plunged into making the City that was to be. He thrilled in the evidence of peace and brotherly love evinced by all the stricken in putting to rights their shattered city.

The shock threw him out of work again, (we wondered when reading his book what subsistence the writer could have offered to his family during his years of vagabondage), and he returned to New York. His sojourn at Helicon Hall was an odd experience. He seemed to live easily and conveniently among the queer "ism" people he found there. Varied acquaintances! What a literary background! Williams was gathering vast experience, doing good newspaper work as a feature writer, and was beginning to acquire confidence as a man of letters, and a reputation among publishers. But the old man, Misfortune, again sought him out. A fire in Helicon Hall—perhaps generated by the very heat of radical convictions—destroyed all his manuscripts and crippled his plans for the future.

It was enough to tempt a man to a jump off the East River bridge. But this man once more made a start, started all over again, sought work, and put aside his great discouragement. The carnadined evidence of tuberculosis again appeared. His son lay at death's door. It was a severe test of high character. He swore he would succeed; he vowed he would realize the things he had striven for so long. He would write, and as he had aimed! He would get back his health, he would destroy the terrible germs in his body that had so violently interfered with his life and career! He was

feverish with desire, but he was filled with determination. He sent out a brave challenge to his terrible and unrelenting enemies, the spirit of discouragement and the ravaging Consumption. He left New York and went into the open places, Arizona, Mexico, California.

Michael Williams never knew when returning to the West that he was approaching the goal of his dreams, the realization of his High Romance. Indeed, it would have been beyond the power or ability of the keenest student to have analyzed the confused state of his mind to see to what goal he was drifting. His soul was ill, as was his body. It wanted it knew not what, but some remedy, some panacea. He found it in the time-mellowed arches of Carmel-by-the-Sea. Slowly, most slowly the intricate working of his inner mind unfolded its purpose to him. The meaning of life, the Reason, which he had nearly grasped that still hour in the morning, years before, when alone in San Francisco he gathered a premonition of the earthquake disaster. Oh! Now it was clear, now the secret was made apparent to him! There was a meaning, then! There was an answer! On the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin

Mary, Queen of Carmel, he received Holy Communion, as a member of the Roman Catholic Church. "God returned to my soul. Truly He is, and He rewards those who will seek Him out."

. . . . .

This is the story which Michael Williams tells of his own life. He has written a book which must rank high among autobiographies. In writing his work, he set his purpose high from the start, and he never veers from his aim. Mr. Williams is really an excellent writer, and his long and unbelievably varied experience, and his valuable newspaper career, has given him a background that makes for confidence and abundant material for any writer. This writer, though not a stylist, and not what you would call a master of his art, writes splendidly, and at times very beautifully. At times too beautifully, almost, when he seems to be intoxicated with the word beauty he creates, drunk with his own words. His descriptions of nature, for instance, are deliriously beautiful, melting, glowing, imaginative. He certainly ranks high among contemporary writers. One might envy him his skill.

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### *Loveliness That Dreams Alone*

I had found loveliness that dreamt alone  
In a forgotten corner of a field, unknown,  
Violets, soothed by nursing winds that went  
Bringing soft tastes of rain and borrowing their scent.

But you, my dear, who hid yourself away  
Behind old shutters that barred a gold-strewn day  
Who ran because you smiled at me—  
I cannot, will not, like the violet, let you be.

—ANTHONY SHEA

# BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

TALES OF HEARSAY. By Joseph Conrad. 120 pp. Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, New York.

It is singular that in all the works he produced in a prodigiously active life-time, Joseph Conrad has written only once of his native Poland, and then in his later years. He wrote always of things that were as familiar to him as the old-fashioned Pent farm house where he did his best work—of ships and of storms at sea and of the men who mastered them. These things were dear to him, and he found expression for his affection for them in tales that perpetuate the angry sweep of the waves and the mad rushes of the wind and the heroic struggles of the men who brought their ships safely through them into ports where women waited anxiously. It is surprising that in all these years he did not often find inspiration to write, in the affliction of his oppressed countrymen and in the numberless sacrifices which they made, however vainly, in the name of Liberty. Poland always held a warm place in that heart that knew the freedom of the wide seas and, again, the oppression of the sick room. Perhaps his recollections of his native land, which he left as a boy, were too dim to find concrete expression in a story until after he had revisited it as an old man; or perhaps his feelings toward it were too deep and too intense to let loose until they had been steadied by the calm that comes with years. Whatever the reason may be, Conrad gave vent to sentiments of patriotism for the first and last time in "Prince Roman," a story written in 1911.

"Prince Roman" is a story of patriotism—of a universal patriotism that knew no class distinctions. It is the story of a Polish nobleman who filled his heart, that had been made empty by the death of his young wife, with a greater love of his country and took his place in the ranks of the revolutionists, side by side with the peasants whom he was accustomed to rule. Conrad, in this story, surely writes as one "of that nation not so much alive as surviving, which persists in thinking, speaking, hoping, and suffering in its grave, railed in by a million of bayonets and triple-sealed with the seals of three great empires."

This narrative is one of four included in the "Tales of Hearsay." The book makes its chief bid for distinction on the fact that it contains the first and last stories written by Conrad. The first,

entitled "The Black Mate," was written about 1884 and is a strange tale of spiritism on the sea. Even at that early date, when he was just beginning to write, Conrad was a master of the art of story-telling. He took a plot that, in the hands of a less ingenious craftsman, would have collapsed in the mould, and he has fashioned it into an absorbing story. Even the least significant of the tales, itself entitled "The Tale," is told as only one whose mind is rich in the traditions of the sea could tell it.

Conrad's last story, "The Warrior's Soul," was written in 1917. It depicts the horrors of the disastrous retreat of the Grand Army of Napoleon from Russia when the Frenchmen marched over the bodies of the fallen comrades through endless miles of snow, harassed always by the bitter cold and the unrelenting Cossacks. The story reaches the depth of the tragic in the startling climax, when De Castel, the once splendid French officer, staggers into the Russian camp a broken man and begs Tomassov, whom he once saved from political imprisonment, to return him the favor with a shot that will relieve him of his misery. "The Warrior's Tale" was Conrad's swan song as a short story writer, and a fitting one.

—CORBIN PATRICK.

\* \* \* \* \*

The phenomenal success of "The Scribblers Book of Notre Dame Verse," published a year ago, is recalled by the announcement that at Amherst College there is being collected and edited fifty poems written by undergraduates now attending Amherst, which will be published in the Spring in a volume entitled, "The Amherst Book of Undergraduate Verse."

\* \* \* \* \*

A publication from Amherst also carries the announcement that a Poetry Contest is being conducted to run until June, when the winner will be awarded a cash prize of \$50.00. The contestants are limited to the present undergraduate body and the judges are Edwin Markham, Harold T. Pulsifer and Charles Wharton Stork.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first definite edition of the works of Stephen Crane is announced for early publication by Alfred A. Knopf. This edition will include all of Crane's work that is of lasting importance, omitting only the most ephemeral and frankly journalistic of his writings.

*The "Wisecrack"*

FRANCIS C. MILLER, '27

SINCE colleges have become universities and students have deemed it imperative that study shall not interfere with a college education, there have been various species of popular campus men—Joe Education, Joe Booknook, Joe Sonnet, Joe Collegiate, and others. The greatest competition, however, is in the field of the "wisecrack;" for, according to the college comics, all university men are full of witticism and falsehood and many of the other vices of wisdom. To be the champion wisecracker and tale-teller on the campus is a distinction well worth the winning.

Alf Debble had never won any prizes in beauty shows—his countenance would make a cuckoo yell "Bob White!" But he had that intrinsic "something" which put him over.

No first rate "bull session" was complete without Alf. He could repeat the most elaborate, most outlandish, most impossible stories about his so-called own experiences that can be imagined. He had a fertile brain for the lie. He had a bright comeback for every remark. He cracked wise so frequently that he became known as "Wisecrack" Debble.

Hoozis College did not usually tolerate such masters of false verbosity but they put up with Debble, principally because he was six-two and knew how to use every ounce of his hundred and ninety pounds.

Here is how "Wisecrack" won the title of the campus' biggest and most profound teller of tales:

There was a somewhat lazy and languid gathering in Gus Divine's room on the third floor of Jimson Hall last Spring. It was still cold—plenty cold—and sessions of the indoor sport club were frequent. Divine made his visitors comfortable; that is, as comfortable as a double-deck bed, two rickety chairs, and a study table could make them.

Through the blue murk of cigarette smoke ten college youths spat back and forth their philosophies on Life, Love, and other things

about which they knew very, very little.

The session was not moving very fast. Then the door was flung back and in strode Alf Debble.

There was a hush—a silence. Alf dropped himself lazily on an unoccupied portion of the bed, took a final deep drag on his pipe, and knocked the ashes out on the floor.

"How's everything, fellows?"

There was a universal admission of well-being.

"We've been talkin' about China, Alf," one of the bunch piped up. "Ever been there?"

"Been there? Well, I haven't missed. Why, don't you know I had one of the funniest experiences I ever had in my life in China. Funny thing! Of course, you fellows won't believe it, but it's a fact."

There was a buzz of interest.

"Went to China summer before last," began Debble, cocking his feet on the unstained whiteness of a pillow. "It wasn't the country that interested me. Nothing so intellectual as that. Just this darned cosmic urge I got to roam around. Adventure! Adventure's my middle name.

"When I left Hoozis, I thinks I'll try a fling into N. Y. C. Since I'd been in New York quite a lot there wasn't anything there for me to look at, so I grabbed a chance to ship around through the Panama to China on a yacht owned by the illustrious Cyrus W. Curtis, who was making a tour of the orient and who was a special friend of the family when dad was in Congress.

"Needless to say, fellows, the journey was, as the English prof would say, 'one of the utmost monotony.' The work I did was not conducive to a pleasant voyage. Decks got dirty easily and the dirt was hard to get off. I scrubbed most of the time. I didn't get seasick, though, as I have travelled too much for that. I got over being seasick the time I went to Africa. (*Sarcastic Applause.*)

"I want to rush on and tell you fellows how a Chinese Princess gave me the big eye and offered to let me become the Prince of what's-its-name if I just wanted to, but, of course, I put education before marriage, no matter how entrancing the latter might be.

"We hit Pekin after a while. I found it in some ways the most wicked, and in others the most virtuous city of the world. Old Cyrus, who was a pretty decent chap, knowing that I was a college lad hungry for knowledge, excused me for a couple of days' shore leave so that I might further pursue my study of Chinese pottery among the shops of Pekin.

"Of all the dumb people I have ever met, I think the Chinese are the worst. The main drag was all cluttered up with baby-cab contrivances fast on the back of bicycles. High brow Chinese rode hither and yon in them like we ride in Fords here. Of course there were street cars and autos, too. When the people talked it sounded like a lot of cat fights.

"I would have been embarrassed at my scant knowledge of the Chinese language had I not flunked for three successive years in Spanish here at Hoozis. I realized, then and there, that there was one language harder than Spanish, and that was Chinese.

"After viewing most of the priceless and beautiful collections of pottery and vasewear in the place, I concluded to call it a day and go get some supper. It was nearly evening. Coming towards me down the picturesque street strode four coolies carrying a covered chair. In that chair sat proudly one of the prettiest Chinese maidens I have ever seen in my w. arings. She was an almond-eyed queen of very high blood.

"She made some sign to the coolies and they came to a halt a few feet from me. She at first regarded me haughtily. Then she almost smiled. Presently she uttered, ever so sweetly, a few sounds which I translated into 'eek-eek-eek-eek, zung zang, zing, zuz, zua, iddle, iddle.'

"There was an Englishman standing nearby reading the Want Ads in the *Chicago Tribune*. He came bustling up to see if he could be of any assistance.

"'Surely,' I said, 'tell me what this woman is saying.'

"'With pleasure,' the Englishman replied.

"The princess spoke again, making many funny sounds which meant as follows, according to the Englishman: 'I am to be what

is known as the Princess of Wing Wang Wup. Who are you?'

"'I am only a poor American college man trying to get ahead,' I answered with masculine dignity.

"'You are out hunting a girl with lots of money, I presume,' resumed the princess. 'All of them are after that. You want to golf from nine till two every day. Is that not so?'

"'Well, it isn't any lie,' I admitted.

"'Then, I guess I am your meat,' the princess returns. 'If you will propose, I will accept. I like you very much. I shall have a private golf course constructed for you and provide fifteen racing automobiles for your pleasure. I shall make you president of the University of Wing Wup so that you may discharge all the professors for trying to teach college men what they ought to know. Are you in for it?'

"This took me off my feet, fellows—this whirlwind proposal. I withdrew into myself to commune with my mind. At length I answered in the negative. I would not be happy as Prince of Wing Wang Wup. I would rather be Prince of Jimson Hall, Hoozis College, than anything else.

"'Oh, that's all right!' the Princess said nastily when I gave my answer. 'Come to think about it, I don't like college men, anyway. The last one I flirted with was so unsatisfactory. He sang too many songs and sang them, oh much too loud! Horace, Aristotle, Plato, Woodrow Wilson, my slaves, move on! I do not want to see this American gent again.'

"And they moved quickly away. The Englishman wiped the perspiration from his forehead. 'A bally funny article, these females. If I were not an Englishman I should call them crazy.'

"I took a hard-hearted look at the disappearing Princess and then went back to the yacht. I told Mr. Curtis to steam away any time as they had a lot of smallpox among the inhabitants and we should run no risks."

"Wisecrack" Debble took out a cigarette and lit it, indicating that the tale had been told.

Sarcastic laughter followed the termina-



tion of the story. This was surely the biggest lie ever heard at Hoozis College.

"Say, Debble," one of the fellows broke out, "did you say this came off summer before last?"

"Ya," assented "Wisecrack," "summer before last."

"You said yesterday that you went to Australia summer before last."

"Sure, er-er-er—Ya. . . I went to Australia, I mean China, ah. . ."

Another outburst of humor greeted his confusion.

Someone playfully took a lamp shade and put it on top of "Wisecrack's" curly dome and uttered an incantation which assured him that he had indisputedly won the championship as the mammoth collegiate storyteller of Hoozis College.

### *Tonsorial Titters*

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '25

ONE of the harrowing experiences which every college man must inevitably undergo, is that first visit to the old barber shop after his arrival home for the summer vacation. Whether he lives on the "rock-bound coast of Maine" or on the "sunny slopes of the Pacific," the universal fate prevails.

You are Carrol Brownson, '26, who has just returned from college. Feeling the need of that well-groomed appearance, you enter a tonsorial parlor and finally win a position in a chair. It is then that a few random questions announce the beginning of the ordeal. "Well, Carrol, when did you arrive home?" asks the barber glibly. Now he doesn't care when you returned and he won't remember your answer ten minutes after you've left the shop. Common civility, however, demands a reply. "Last Saturday," you answer in a voice that approaches absolute zero in enthusiasm. But the enemy is in hot pursuit and an avalanche of questions is imposing. In short, you're in for it. "Notre Dame is in Indiana, isn't it?"

"Yes, just outside of South Bend."

"You fellows had quite a football team up there this year, didn't you?"

Do not despise the barber for this question. He knows that Notre Dame went through an undefeated season and won the national championship. He might have a fair excuse for suspecting that Notre Dame was good. "Yes, they were pretty good," you agree. The crisis comes when he inquires of your course of studies. "What are you taking there?" is the way he puts the question. In reality you are majoring in English in the Arts course, but to admit it would be fatal. Can't you talk English yet? What are you studying to be? You don't know! Then what's the idea of going to college? No, the only refuge is in a lie, a deliberate, blessed, noble lie, and you say "I'm studying law." That helps considerably, and succor is at hand. Even now the barber is combing your damply odorous hair, and the operation so engrosses his attention that he only finds time to remark "I bet you boys have some gay times!" Mustering all your ardor in one final burst of enthusiasm, you mutter "Plenty (pronounced plenty-tye) of 'em," and quit the shop, happy in the thought that the ordeal is suspended at least until the next vacation.



# THE MAIL

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

To the SCHOLASTIC editor:

Turn this over to "The Mail" and label it "Dumbell Pomes with apologies to Harve."

Yours—G. L. Dum, Brownson, '28.

## TO HER

I cannot have you with me  
So let me pray this grace  
Give me at least an image  
Of your sweet face,  
A likeness of your countenance  
So soft to see, so fair  
'Twould brighten up my study desk  
To place it there.

(Here's another).

## ENNUI

Sweet breath of Spring  
Laden with perfume of soft, fragrant  
flowers  
Can you not waft away  
Some of the drowsiness of classroom hours?  
—G. L. Dum.

—NDS—

## ESSENCE OF CERTITUDE

If B m t, put more:

A free copy of all the examination questions  
given to the winner of this Notty problem.

—NDS—

Dear Mail,

I'm inclosin' sum verses whicht I wrote and  
whicht seem to cum up to th' trash I bin readin'  
in yer colum herterfore.

## HYMNS OF HATE

The gink I hate  
And always shall  
Is that poor egg  
Called Snowshoe Al!  
The guy I hate  
Is Fern deFeet,  
Who everlastin'  
Wants to eat!  
The guy I hate  
Is Archie Siddnt,  
Who tells a lie  
Then sez he didn't.  
But him I hate  
Far most of all  
Is him who gets  
A telephone call!

—Aristole II.

The bird at whom  
Our molars gnash  
Is him who calls  
This column "Trash."

—NDS—

## CORBY BY THE SEA

Gee Ludwig was a little man  
Who never quite could see,  
Why he was campused forty days  
By Father O'Malley.

This is the way it came about.  
Dear George was sleeping in.  
The rector made his morning route  
And George was next akin.

In through the open door he came  
The phanthom in the half light  
His iron bell a tale did tell  
T'was not much more than night.

Gee Ludwig tossed upon his couch  
He smiled a sickly grin  
His rector with a softened touch  
Said, forty days your in.

What could the helpless Ludwig do  
But scream and cry for fight  
The Law it said, if found in bed  
The joke's on you... you bite.

Gee Lulwig was a little man  
He never quite could see.  
The cause of his imprisonment  
In Corby by the sea.

—Would Al Kohaul?

—NDS—

## THIS WAY PLEASE!

The mistletoe springs from the oak tree tall,  
On trunk or limb doth it appear;  
But it is welcomed most of all  
When it springs from the chadelier.

—W. H.

N. B.—Late Christmas poem delayed by the U.  
S. mails.

—NDS—

## MOSSES

Mosses dark and velvety  
Against dark rocks are grown,  
Like futile lover's thoughts  
They cling—to stone.

—THE BANTAM LOVER.

# SPORTS

## FRANKLIN-NOTRE DAME BASKETBALL

Notre Dame's basketball team bowed before the crushing forces of defeat in the last appearance on the home court for the season of 1925. The fast Franklin college quintet defeated Notre Dame 31 to 27 in a hectic last-half battle that left Notre Dame trailing the victor only by inches.

The power of unity, manifested by Franklin when the going became rough, accounted for the victory, while Notre Dame's ineffective attack withered in the crucial last minutes of play.

Franklin and Notre Dame played through the game on fairly even terms, the score indicating no appreciable difference in the merits of the two teams. Notre Dame led 16 to 14 at the half, and might have led at the end, had certain things been done that were left undone.

Both teams took about the same number of tries for the net, but Franklin took theirs from a favorable position, secured through the admirable team work of Vandivier, Gant and Ballard. Notre Dame took its shots from most any place on the court, and only occasionally displayed flashes of their real game. The Irish fumbled and had passes intercepted. They did not always guard the visitors with the needed caution, and time after time, the elusive ball fed to the loop by Irish cagers would circle the rim and fall back or rebound viciously from the backboard to be converted into a goal by Franklin.

Capt. Kizer and Johnny Nyikos contributed generously to the point total, while McNally, Crowe, Conroy, Dienhart, and Mahoney sparred with the visitors on the floor.

The first half was slow and lacked punch. Both teams took it easy. Notre Dame made a spurt early in the opening period that left Franklin several points behind. The Baptists took time out, made a substitution and returning to the battle, quickly cut down Notre Dame's lead with some real cage strategy. Franklin scored three field goals in quick succession almost without meeting any opposition.

All during the second half, the lead changed continually. Both teams were fighting desperately for breaks and Notre Dame was shooting somewhat haphazardly in a vain attempt to shake off the pursuit of its rivals. Vandivier and Gant with less than five minutes to play, netted two field goals that assured them of victory, toying with the ball for the remainder of time.

### Line-up:

<i>Notre Dame</i> (27)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Crowe, lf. -----	2	0	0	1	4
Nyikos, rf. -----	4	4	3	0	11
McNally, c. -----	2	0	0	2	4
Kizer, (C.) lg. -----	2	0	0	1	4
Conroy, rg. -----	0	2	2	1	2
Dienhart, lf. -----	1	0	0	0	2
Mahoney, rf. -----	0	2	0	0	0
Dahman, rf. -----	0	0	0	0	0
Totals -----	9	8	5	5	27

<i>Franklin</i> (31)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Vandivier, lf. -----	5	5	3	2	13
Ballard, rf. -----	2	1	1	1	5
Gant, c. -----	4	1	1	0	0
B. Friddle, rg. -----	0	0	0	0	0
Peterman, lg. -----	2	0	0	1	4
King, lg. -----	0	1	0	0	0
Totals -----	13	8	5	4	31

Officials—Referee, Kearns, DePaul. Umpire, Millard, Ill., Wey.

### NOTRE DAME—MICHIGAN AGGIES BASKETBALL

Notre Dame's basketball team, after a round of defeats at the hands of Indiana and eastern basketball teams, took a one-sided game from the Michigan Aggies, 42 to 10, on the Lansing court, Tuesday evening, March 3.

The Keoganites romped over the Farmer's hardwood with unlimited freedom, and sampled all their favorite tricks against the weak opposition. The Aggies made one field goal in the first half, while Nyikos and his teammates were perforating the net with field goals and foul throws.

In the second half the entire Notre Dame team joined hands in the melee and rushed the agriculture students off their feet. The Irish passed and dribbled and treated the crowd to some spectacular basketball before the gun ended the picnic. The Aggies made two field goals during the entire game and counted six free throws in the second half.

#### Summary:

<i>Notre Dame</i>		<i>Michigan Aggies</i>
Crowe	F	MacMillan
McNally	F	Mason
Nyikos	C	Robinson
Kizer	G	Richards
Conroy	G	Fredricke

Field Goals—Notre Dame, Crowe 5; McNally, Nyikos 6; Kizer, Conroy, Dahman, Mahoney 2; Michigan Aggies—MacMillan 2. Foul goals—Notre Dame, McNally 2; Nyikos 4; Edwards 2. Michigan Aggies—MacMillan, 2; Marx, Robinson, 2; Hultman. Referee—Kearns, umpire, Thompson.

### ILLINOIS RELAY CARNIVAL

Notre Dame's record in the Eighth Annual Illinois Relay Carnival was marked by two places, third place in the medley two-mile relay and a tie for second place in the pole vault.

The medley two-mile team placed third in the event which was won by Ames, the time setting a new carnival record of 8:14 2-5. This event was won by Notre Dame in 1924. Paul Harrington tied for second place in the pole vault at 12 feet.

### NOTRE DAME-M. A. C. SWIMMING MEET

Taking first place in every event and a good share of the second and third honors, Notre Dame defeated the Michigan Aggies, 49 to 19, in a swimming meet at the City Natatorium, Saturday, February 28.

The Aggies managed to place second in five of the eight events, their nearest approach to a first coming in the second event, the fancy diving contest. Richmond, the diver for the visitors, demonstrated some of the classiest competition the Gold and Blue submarines ever witnessed, but he fell down in one or two of his dives and was beaten by McCafferty, of Notre Dame.

McCafferty came to the fore again for Notre Dame when, paired with Hudson in the 220-yard free style event, the two Irish paddlers outdistanced the Michigan swimmers by more than twenty yards. McCafferty and Hudson were almost together at the tape, Hudson winning the first by about half a length.

Sievers, Notre Dame plunger, provided the feature of the meet. He heaved his bulk into the tank, displacing several cubic feet of water, and finished first in his one event, the plunge for distance. No telling how far he would have gone if the pool had been longer. As it was he ran his plunge to the end, 60 feet away, twice during the contest. The first time he made it in 31 seconds and the second effort enabled him to trim a second off his first time.

Weibel won two firsts for Notre Dame in the only two events in which he was entered, the 40-yard free style and the 100-yard free style. Richmond and Purdy were the outstanding point winners of the visiting aggregation both collecting two seconds with a total of six points each for the meet.

In the relay race the Irish were the apparent winners before the race was fairly started. McCafferty took the lead for the Notre Dame paddlers and this lead was never lost. However, the victory was only by a small margin, for Collett, the Aggies' last man in the relay group, finished only a fraction of a second behind Royse.

A water basketball exhibition game was played for the benefit of the small group of spectators following the swimming meet,

between the Flying Squadron and a sextet picked from the Notre Dame tank team.

Summary of the swimming meet follows:

160-yard relay—Won by McCafferty, Hudson, Baylscaynski and Royce (N. D.). Time—1 minute 23 4-5 seconds.

Fancy diving—McCafferty (N. D.), first; Richmond (M. A.), second; Bordeaux, (N. D.), third.

40-yard free style—Weibel (N. D.), first; Purdy (M. A.), second; Alvarez, (N. D.), third. Time—21.7 seconds.

Plunge for distance—Sievers (N. D.), first; Porter (N. D.), second; Houpert (N. D.), third. Distance—60 feet. Time—30 seconds.

220-yard free style—Hudson (N. D.), first. McCafferty (N. D.), second; Collett (M. A.), third. Time—2 minutes 45 4-5 seconds.

40-yard back stroke—Fulte (N. D.), first; Richmond (M. A.), second; McLaughlin (N. D.), third. Time—26 4-5 seconds.

100-yard breast stroke—Rhodes (N. D.), first; McKieran (N. D.), second; Eckerman (M. A.), third. Time—1 minute 22 4-5 seconds.

100-yard free style—Weibel (N. D.), first; Purdy (M. A.), second; Whitlock (M. A.), third. Time—1 minute 3.7 seconds.

Officials—Cooper, Livingston, Schutt and Lieb.

### FRESHMAN HALL IS VICTOR IN ANNUAL INTERHALL GAMES

Freshman Hall's track team, scoring thirty-five points in the annual interhall indoor track meet, took top honors in a large field and won the team trophy in the meet run off in the Notre Dame gymnasium last Sunday afternoon.

The winner's closest rivals were Brownson and Carroll with half a point difference in their totals. Sophomore Hall, after placing heavily in the trial meets held during February to determine the personnel of the final meet, was forced into fifth place, Carroll and Walsh fitting in for third and fourth places, respectively.

Bachman, Freshmen Hall's shot putter, tossed the weight with his left hand for 39 feet 1 1-2 inches to figure among the more prominent contenders for interhall honors. Parisien and Ryan of Freshmen Hall were high point men, Parisien winning the 220-yard dash and placing second in the sprints and third in the broad jump. Ryan, promising freshman distance runner, won the mile and two mile races. Lahey of Carroll, one of the best yearling quarter

milers on the team, took the 440-yard run. Walsh Hall's crack relay team, a prominent contender for interhall relay honors, won the relay race.

Summary of events:

40-yard wash—McCoy, S., Parsien, F., Collins, C., Wazniak, W. Time, :04 7-10.

40-yard high hurdles—Ernewein, F., Stace, B., Wynne, S., Griffin, B. Time :06.

Shot put—Bachman, F., McSweeney, F., Graf, B., Hagenbarth, K. Distance, 39 feet, 1 1-2 inches.

440-yard run—Lahey, C., Prelli, S., McGauley, B., Winberry, D. Time :54.9.

40-yard low hurdles—Walsh, W., Stace, B., Cyr, Sor., Chevigney, D. Time, :05.5.

220-yard run—Parsien, F., Morrissey, D., Burton, W., Flannigan, S. Time, :24.9.

880-yard run—Collins, C., McKinney, C., Degan, S., Fischer, C. Time, 2:07 2-5.

Mile run—Ryan, F. Mahoney, B., Phelan, F., Collins, C. Time, 4:55.5.

Two mile run—Ryan, F., Lopez, D., Fegan, D., Collins, C. Time, 11:03.6.

Broad jump—Knauss, W., Girffin, B., Parsien, F., O'Brien, C. Distance, 20feet.

Pole vault—Driscoll, K., Bov. F., Bannon, F., Griffin, B. Height, 11 feet.

High jump—Leahy, C., Fry, S., Chevigney, B., Walsh W., McAdams, S. Height, 5 feet, 6 inches.

Relay race—Walsh, first; Carroll, second: Sophomore, third; Brownson, fourth. Time, 2:17.9.

### SPRING FOOTBALL

The "Horsemen" and the "Mules" of 1925-26-27, about 200 in number, answered Coach Rockne's first call for spring practice, Monday noon. The first meeting and lecture brought out many of last year's squad of interhall hopefuls who have cherished dreams of performing on the varsity gridiron.

Coach Rockne talked to the candidates about various things connected with the task of building up the team of 1925, and outlined a lecture program of 21 parts. The work will take the football material through all the fundamentals and ground work training this spring in order to get the rough work over before the real grind begins in the fall.

The amazing problem that appears to confront the Notre Dame coach this year, is caused by the passing of 23 stars, of the first magnitude, leaving a yawning chasm to be

filled with a host of unknown and untried material, a handful of men with one year's experience and a schedule pretentious enough to require the collective services of all the gridders who have passed from Notre Dame in the last five years.

Rockne introduced the subject of football yesterday, by describing the seriousness of the game, and enumerating a few of the qualities that must be innate in the individual candidate, if success is to be attained in any measure. The coach asked for a squad of hard working candidates who would come up to practice with serious intentions of making the team and not, as

he expressed "just to be in the picture."

In explaining the paramount principle that governs every department of football, Rockne stated the law which holds good for every endeavor in life, the presence of which is the reason for success and its absence, the reason of failure. Concentration, investigation, and assimilation compose the three mental tools by which, he pointed out, the candidate would make good. "Your size," he said, "will make no difference to me, if you can produce when called upon."

The lecture series will include talks on fundamental work, training and playing

rules, equipment, offensive and defensive tactics, analysis of every position, and a hypothetical game. For lack of proper weather conditions, the candidates will do much individual training in the gymnasium and apparatus room. The lectures will be practiced mentally until the squad is taken outside for the real work.

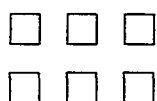
The day appointed for the issuance of uniforms for spring practice at Notre Dame, is a red letter day, in the history of the school. Hearts that burned with pride and devotion during the fall, swell up in the spring with a mighty desire to emulate the deeds of the gridders who have gone down in history. Candidates for the team, large and small, stand in the line for several hours on the appointed days waiting to get a uniform. Their wishes granted by the coach, they do not always find themselves in a tailor-made suit, to be exact. Nevertheless, the canvas and the jersey, show the green and red stains, water and mud stains, the marks of many battles. Each suit has its history, although it is always hidden, never to be known since it was discarded by the former wearer, without reservations being made for future identification.

Each day of spring practice at Notre Dame finds Rockne and his assistants laboring with hundreds of candidates — imitators of "mules" and "horsemen" — and the instructors summoning all their patience for the

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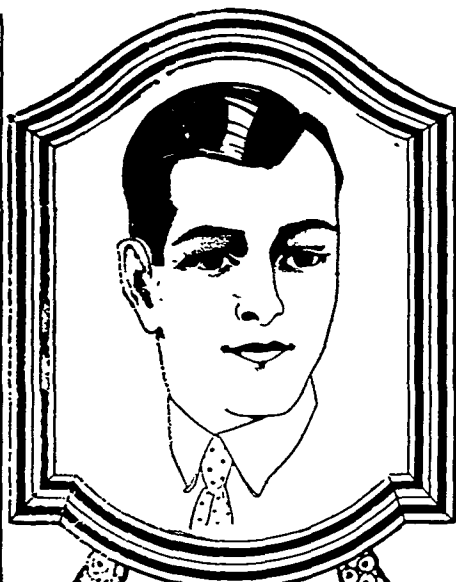
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task, proceed with great deliberation to illustrate detail work to the candidates.

Coach Rockne endeavors to attend each man in person, and by example, and explanation and volumes of encouragement, begins the work of moulding men, the task for which he has been eulogized by a nation. Each day sees the squad taken through some new step in the work, and the labors and responsibilities of the coaching staff increased. Anxious youths break from cover for imaginary touchdowns the first day out, and kick long wobbling spirals for "thouasnds" of yards.

The first advance on the tackling dummy is made with much temerity by the new candidates. Varsity men of the past year lead the way. Freshmen and interhall warriors fit in second, and the hopefuls bring up the rear, with a careful lunge at the elusive dummy. Eyes, ears, nose and mouth filled with sand and sawdust, are not sufficient to daunt the men who have dreams of the monogram and gridiron glories.

The first scrimmage comes and linemen and ends and backfield men scuffle with one another, digging up the turf, as many teams before have done in the past. The scrimmage effects a weeding no coaching hand could devise so smoothly. The men who have the will but not the physical stamina, reluctantly give up the game and vow that next fall their voices shall be louder than the thunder that fills the world.



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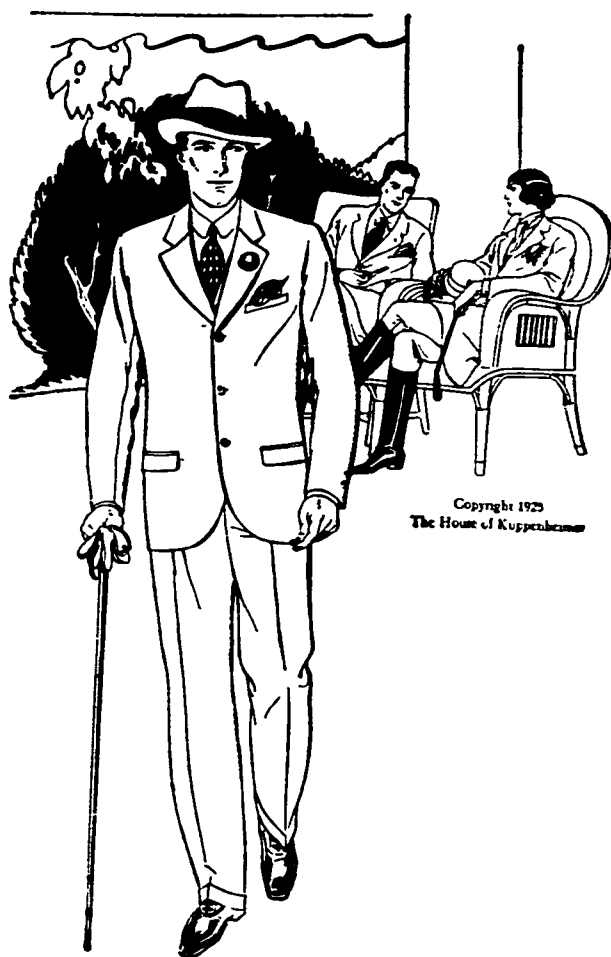
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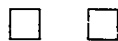
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